

THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

JANUARY 1829.

LADY MORGAN.

THE Sister Island claims the honour of having given birth to this lady. Her father, Mr. Owenson, was the grandson of an Irish baronet; but his talents and virtues do not stand in need of hereditary honors to ensure the lasting esteem of those who knew him. With nearly all the wits of the last century he was intimate. Goldsmith, to whom he was closely related, introduced him to the club at which Johnson presided, where he met his cotemporary, Garrick. He was also the author of various lyrical compositions, which were sung on the Dublin stage, and are remarkable for broad wit and genuine humour; but, perhaps, that which reflects the highest honour on his memory, is the generous and uncalculating protection and patronage which he afforded the unfortunate Dermody. This wayward genius he found occupied in mixing colours for the scene-painter in the theatre, and had no sooner discovered his talents, than he snatched him from poverty and obscurity, and interested his friends so effectually in behalf of the young poet, that he quickly secured him the means of independence and happiness. But, unfortunately, Dermody was one of those whose follies and eccentricities mar the best designs of their friends; and he too soon forfeited the regard of his liberal and noble-minded patron. Mr. Raymond, in his 'Life of Dermody,' has done full justice to Mr. Owenson.

By an imprudent connexion with a beautiful and celebrated actress, Mr. Owenson became, early in life, infected with the theatrical mania, and on his marriage subsequently with a respectable English woman, he purchased a share in one of the Dublin theatres, and became joint proprietor with the celebrated Mr. Ryder. An exclusive patent, however, having been granted to a Mr. Daley, well known in the Irish theatrical world, Mr. Owenson was compelled to resign. He subsequently embarked in mercantile concerns, became at once a wine merchant and the manager of a provincial theatre, and, as might be expected, soon found his name in the gazette. His whole resource was now the stage, and for several years he supported, with great popularity, such characters as are supposed to represent vulgar, but humorous, Irishmen.

The player's life, however, in Ireland, as elsewhere, is one of diffi-

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culties, and, under circumstances not very flattering to the pride of ancestry, the subject of this memoir was born. It is creditable to the memory of her father, who was in adversity, that he commanded the respect of many estimable characters. Miss Sydney Owenson had for sponsor at her baptism the convivial Ned Lysaght, whose songs and puns are not yet forgotten in Dublin. To his god-daughter he subsequently addressed the following stanzas.

TO MISS OWENSON.

' The Muses met me once not very sober,
But full of frolic, at your merry christ'ning !
And now, this twenty-third day of October,
As they foretold, to your sweet lays I'm list'ning.

' They called you " Infant Muse," and said your lyre
Should one day wake your nation's latent fire :
They ordered Genius garlands to entwine
For Sydney ;—me, i' faith, they plied with wine."

Lady Morgan's talents early developed themselves. Dermody, who was for a time her play-fellow, complimented her in a juvenile poem, and in her fourteenth year she dedicated a small volume of poems to that distinguished patron of literature, Lady Moira. This production is, of course, only remarkable for its indication of talent at so early an age ; much originality or correctness could not be expected, and we dare say her ladyship is not now very ambitious to recognize so unimportant a performance.

" St. Clair," a novel, was her next production, and this was followed by the " Novice of St. Dominick." These works enjoyed a great deal of momentary popularity ; the fair authoress's society was courted by the fashionable circles in London and Dublin ; but an enlarged experience has taught her ladyship not to place a very high value upon her early performances.

Women, from their retired habits and necessary ignorance of those scenes into which the other sex very properly enter, cannot be supposed to possess that knowledge which can only be acquired by experience and observation. With Lady Morgan this was peculiarly the case. Her childhood was spent in the bosom of her own family ; and, as she grew up, a sensitive dislike to every thing deficient in merit confined her intercourse to the circle of her private friends : hence, in her early productions, that paucity of observations on real life, the romantic cast of her fictions, and the improbability of her plots. Sentiment is made to supply the place of nature, and characters are drawn which never could have had an existence. These faults, however, Lady Morgan quickly

corrected. She no sooner mixed in the busy scenes of every-day life, than she profited by the opportunities afforded for observation; and, though "The Wild Irish Girl" displays very little knowledge of the world, her subsequent novels are portraits from life.

The scene of the "Wild Irish Girl" is laid in Connaught, not far from the residence of Sir Maltby Crofton, a near relative of Lady Morgan. A residence of some time at the house of her kinsman made her familiar with the wild scenery of this part of the country, and the result of her observations on this district she subsequently communicated to the world in her "Patriotic Sketches." In these works the immaturity of her ladyship's judgment exposed her to the shafts of criticism. A writer in the "Quarterly Review" accused her of immodesty, and charged her with inculcating principles adverse to the interests of morality. His remarks were severe, and, if more temperate, would not have been without value. In works of fiction a prurient fancy should not be indulged; the imagination should be under the controul of the judgment, and from the pen of a lady nothing remotely bordering on impropriety ought to be expected. We are quite willing to bear testimony to the purity of Miss Owenson's motives, and only regret that some judicious friend did not prevent the possibility of the attacks which have been made on the impropriety of some of her early novels. The critic, however, was not only ungallant but indecorous; a defenceless woman should have disarmed his enmity, and, while under the necessity of reproof, there was no occasion to resort to unmanly sarcasm and personal abuse. When he recommends the youthful novelist to betake herself to her spelling-book, and study the making of pickles, instead of the fabricating of books, the reviewer, and not the object of his virulence, is degraded. The abuse of talents is no argument against their possession. Poets too exercised their wit on Miss Owenson's defects, and an American satirist in ridiculing female dress, insinuates a reproof of the costume of her heroines:

"But a full dress for a winter's night,
The most genteel, is made of woven air,
That kind of classic cobweb, soft and light,
Which Lady Morgan's "Ida" used to wear;
And ladies, 'this aerial manner dressed in,
Look Eve-like—angel-like—and interesting."

These attacks aroused the gallantry of her ladyship's countrymen, and as a means of giving an opportunity for the display of public feeling, she was prevailed upon to bring out on the Dublin

stage, a dramatic piece, entitled "The First Attempt." It was successful beyond all expectation, and on the author's night the Lord and Lady Lieutenant (Duke and Duchess of Bedford) testified their regard for the fair writer by their presence.

Such was the popularity of Miss Owenson at this period, that the lower orders of her countrymen looked upon her talents as of a very influential kind. A poor fellow, a letter-carrier, of good general character, the father of a large family, was induced in a moment of extreme distress to open a letter committed to his charge, and to possess himself of a small sum of money, with the intention of restoring it in a few days to the owner. For this offence he was condemned to die. In the court in which he was tried a scene of the deepest distress was exhibited by the presence and anguish of his aged father, his wife, and her helpless infants: but the crime was one of those which society never pardons. In such cases cupidity and apprehension are alike interested in striking terror, and mercy and hope must be silent at their bidding. From the gloom of the condemned cell this unfortunate criminal, like the drowning wretch who grasps at a straw, appealed to the imaginary influence of a popular writer; and the claim was irresistible to one whose domestic affections were the mainsprings of her being.

On the receipt of this letter Miss Owenson addressed herself to the different barristers of her acquaintance; but the reply she received was uniform. The crime was unpardonable, the man's fate was sealed, and interference could only expose her to mortification and defeat. Unintimidated by these dispiriting reports, she applied directly to Baron Smith, the presiding judge on the trial, and that amiable individual, rejoicing to have so good a pretext for tempering the rigour of justice, directed her to the foreman of the jury, with the promise, that if a recommendation to mercy could be procured from them, he would, in consequence of the conviction resting on circumstantial evidence, back it with his sanction. Miss Owenson saw the foreman of the jury, induced him to assemble the jurymen, and to sign the recommendation. She then drew up a memorial to the Duke of Richmond, the head of the Irish government; and, in a word, procured a commutation of the sentence to perpetual transportation. It is pleasurable to add, that, on arriving at New South Wales, the reprieved man became an industrious and honest member of society; and supports his family in independence and comfort. A circumstance not dissimilar in its event, and even more romantic in the details, occurred to the immortal Jenner, who was the means of saving a youth taken prisoner under Miranda, and condemned to certain death under

the horrible form of perpetual slavery on the military works of a Spanish American fortress. The recollection of such anecdotes is a source of the purest satisfaction. They tend to raise the literary character: they do honour to human nature, and they relieve the dark shade which almost uniformly obscures the political history of the species.

In 1811, while on a visit to the Marquis of Abercorn in the north of Ireland, Miss Owenson was introduced to Sir Charles Morgan: similarity of tastes and spirits led to a matrimonial connexion, and since her marriage her ladyship has resided principally in the Irish metropolis, where her house is the centre of all the taste, wit, and literature of Dublin.

Sir Charles has distinguished himself as the author of some metaphysical works of a very questionable import; and it has been observed, that the subject of our memoir, since her union with him, has put forth opinions of great boldness on questions of religion and politics. We have no doubt her ladyship has done so from the purest and most sincere motives; but we cannot, nevertheless, refrain from lamenting that, even unconsciously, she should have done any thing that could remotely compromise her popularity and utility as a forcible delineator of real life.

In 1818 her "France" appeared. It was evidently written in imitation of Madame de Stael's "Germany," and, though prepossessed in favour of her ladyship, we are reluctantly compelled to give the preference to the work of her highly-gifted rival. "France," however, exhibits great power of observation, and a masculine mode of thinking. It was read with considerable avidity at the time, and the freedom with which public characters were spoken of excited a great sensation in the political world. While in Paris, her ladyship had exerted herself in procuring necessary information, and "O'Donnell," as well as some others of her works, which had been translated into French, tended to facilitate her introduction into literary and fashionable society. She excited much curiosity, and Madame de Genlis, in her memoirs, remarks that her mode of walking through the streets on her toes surprised the Parisians.

"France," was treated with great virulence by the critics. They questioned not only the morality but the understanding of her ladyship. But the popularity of the work was not affected by their censure, and the talented authoress evinced no disposition to conciliate her reviewers.

The success of her "France," induced Lady Morgan to contemplate a similar work on Italy. For this purpose she visited that

delightful land of beauteous skies and happy sunshine. After a residence of two years in Rome, Naples, and Venice, her "Italy" appeared. The matter which provoked censure in her "France," was certainly aggravated in that publication, and the public seems to have thought that her ladyship occasionally overstepped the strict line of female decorum, for the work fell almost still-born from the press. "The Literary Gazette" attacked, it may be thought, with great violence, and the editor did not refrain even from offensive personalities; but the most formidable, and most severe of Lady Morgan's critics assailed her in the "Quarterly Review." Her ladyship had exposed herself too openly to his censure. "It may be expected," he says, "that we should say something of this book,—we shall take the liberty of explaining why we shall say very little. When *criticism* partakes of the nature of punishment, (as criticism on such a work as this would do,) it should be limited, as other punishments ought to be, to one of three objects—the reformation of the offender—the deterring others from offending—or, the correction of mischief caused by the offence. Now although Lady Morgan's "Italy" is a series of offences against good morals, good politics, good sense, and good taste, we do not think that her arraignment would conduce to any of the three objects to which we have just limited the propriety of a penal visitation.

"In the first place, we are convinced that this woman is utterly *incorrigible*; secondly, we hope that her indelicacy, ignorance, vanity, and malignity, are *inimitable*, and that, therefore, her example is very little dangerous,—and thirdly, though every page teems with errors of all kinds, from the most disgusting down to the most ludicrous, they are smothered in such Bæotian dulness they can do no harm. Extracts could afford no idea of the general and homogeneous stupidity which pervades the work; and if our review should happen to give any interest to the subject, we should be liable to the double charge of deceiving our friends and puffing Lady Morgan. We therefore decline "drawing her frailties from their dread abode." Buried in the lead of her ponderous quartos, the corruption is inoffensive—any examination would only serve to let the effluvia escape, and in some degree endanger the public health.

"We, indeed, have been obliged to labour through these tomes, because our duty imposes that task upon us; but we have not heard of any voluntary reader who has been able to contend against the narcotic influence of her prating, prosing, and plagiarism, and get through even the first volume. This, however,

is not the only criterion we can adduce that the work, notwithstanding the obstetric skill of Sir Charles Morgan, (who, we believe, is a man-midwife,) 'dropt all but still-born from the press:'—we have another—less liable to the suspicion of partiality than any opinion of our's—we mean the advertisements of her own publishers."

Lady Morgan did not bear all this with submissive docility. She published a spirited "Reply," in which she vindicates her character with becoming fearlessness, and repels the calumnies of her assailants with a virtuous indignation. Having discovered, or at least thought she had discovered, that Mr. Croker, Secretary to the Admiralty, was the author of the article in the "Quarterly Review," her ladyship took revenge upon that gentleman by exhibiting him as one of the *dramatis personæ* in her novel of "Florence M'Carthy," and she has again assailed him in "The Anglo-Irish," a novel which we have reason to think is also the production of her ladyship's pen. "The Life of Salvator Rosa," succeeded "Florence M'Carthy," and "Absenteeism" followed. Last season appeared "The O'Briens and O'Flaherty's" another national novel of a nature calculated to excite regret that her ladyship ever attempted to do aught else than pourtray the manners and eccentricities of her countrymen, in the delineation of whose characters she is peculiarly happy.

No one can have even casually perused any of these works without being impressed with the conviction that Lady Morgan is a woman of vigorous intellect and most decided talents. Perhaps her imagination has not always been sufficiently under control of her masculine judgment, and no doubt she has sometimes failed of success because she attempted things for which neither her learning nor her observation qualified her. Politics do not well accord with the gentle pursuits of the female mind, and dubious metaphysics had better be left to men of original dullness and dangerous morals.

STANZAS.

SEE'ST thou not, amidst yon splendid train,
 Where hearts beat high, and eyes love's fires are glancing,
 Where music swells her richest, wildest strain,
 With gentle witchery the mind entrancing;
 Where, mid the joyous smiles of ardent youth,
 And brows ne'er darken'd by the cloud of sadness,
 We might awhile forget the unwelcome truth,
 That they must 'waken from that dream of gladness—
 'Waken to feel regret, perchance almost to madness!

See'st thou not amidst that glittering throng,
 One slender, beauteous form, alone reclining,
 No more her pale lips breathe the soul of song—
 Silent her harp, whose sweetest notes combining
 With that soft plaintive voice, hath oft awoke
 That thrill of rapture, which soon ends in weeping.
 Fancy might whisper, as its cadence broke,
 It was the melody of angels keeping
 Watch o'er the quiet couch of infancy whilst sleeping.

She joins not in the dance, her cheek alone
 Is pale and wan, where others brightly glowing,
 Rival the rose with morning sunbeams thrown
 Upon its dewy leaves, no thought bestowing
 On those around her, each abstracted look
 Her silent misery more than half revealing;
 Telling how ill the troubled mind can brook
 Such scenes of mirth; each effort for concealing,
 Adds to the keen, keen pang of every blighted feeling.

And what hath blighted them? no grief save one
 Will prey upon the heart until it breaketh.
 'Tis losing those we love that makes us shun
 Communion with the world; then memory taketh
 A sad delight in bringing to our view
 The buds of promis'd joy which blossomed never.
 The tears of bitterness with which we dew
 Their dark and lonely grave when doom'd to sever,
 May tell that hope's fair sun hath set, alas! for ever.

He who possess'd her heart did prize it well,
 'Twas all his own—of that he'd many a token;
 And he was bound to her by that firm spell
 Which nought save death's relentless hand had broken.
 She hath heard his last farewell, his lip hath press'd
 On her's the parting kiss—'twas faintly given—
 From that fair bosom, as in tranquil rest,
 His noble spirit wing'd its way to Heaven,
 And left that guileless heart, pierc'd, anguish'd, wrung and riven.

BERTHA.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

LOVE, with Innocence, one day,
 Sporting in the prime of May,
 Cried, with glance of elfish glee,
 "Dearest, give that flower to me—
 'Tis pure, and passing sweet, I own;
 But why so avaricious grown?"
 "False boy," cried Innocence, "begone!
 I know thee now, deceitful one—
 Thy mother chang'd the rose's hue,
 And thou would'st stain my lily too."

A. H.

HASSEIN AND YA-O-BI.

A PERSIAN STORY.

IN the midst of his glory, when the kingdoms of the earth lay prostrate at his feet and the wealth of unmeasured territories was poured into his lap, Mirimeir, sovereign of Persia (in the morning of his days, and with the rose of health glowing on his countenance) yet breathed a secret sigh for some unknown source of gratification.

Hairiri, his Vizier, was beloved of the Sultan as the brother of his soul, he alone could approach the royal presence in the hour of silence and solitude, and enquire "why a cloud obscured the face of the sun? a sigh arose from those lips that were the disposers of kingdoms?"

"Thou knowest" replied Mirimeir, "that my desire of knowledge is unbounded, that my heart thirsteth for it as the flowers of summer for the dews of evening. Hence have I called to my court the wise and learned of all nations, from the banks of the sacred Ganges even to the Danube. I have laden them with riches, used them with kindness, and exalted them by honours; and hence has the wisdom of grey hairs been poured into the ears of my youth, and the discoveries made by years of wearisome watchfulness communicated to me without the labour of study. "But in one point" continued the monarch, "must my research be for ever in vain.—The Bramins of Indostan will not reveal the sacred mysteries of their religion to any human being, save the members of their own caste, and those initiated into the duties of the priesthood. The mines of Golconda cannot bribe them, nor the hand of power compel them; how then shall the fever of my desires be slaked by the stream of information on that mysterious worship, which remains shut up in those breasts where it is treasured far more than life?"

"O thou, whom the universe obeys," replied the Vizier, "give ear to thy slave; behold my young brother Hassein! He is fair as the rose, graceful as the bamboo, and replete with intelligence. The dialect of every country in India is known to him, and with the insinuating gentleness of youth, he has the reflecting memory of age. Shall he not then go forth, and win with the tongue of dissimulation, that knowledge denied to power by the hands of pride and obstinacy? So shall the will of Alla be fulfilled, and the Sultan Mirimeir be first in wisdom and in glory."

The mighty monarch smiled graciously on this intention, and Hairiri hastened from the royal presence to seek the youthful

Hassein, and inspire him with the zeal and diligence necessary for a task so delicate and important, and on the wise fulfilment of which hung the lives and honours of all his race. He was well aware also, that although years must pass before his mission could be completed, but few hours must intervene ere it commenced; for it is not the custom of kings to consider that the instruments of their will, have minds to be strengthened, passions to be assuaged, and affections to be soothed.

The gay Hassein was exercising his javelin in the midst of a circle of boys of his own age, when the Vizier Hairiri called him thence to reveal the will of the Shah, which sent him far from his natal plains, and his beloved companions, and imposed on his ingenuous nature a task from which his bosom turned with loathing; for the face of heaven was not more open than the breast of Hassein. The Vizier was aware of this, and he permitted the sorrow and the anger of youth to exhaust their strength, ere he poured the oil of flattery over his perturbed spirits, and awakened in him that desire of exerting his talents, and accomplishing his object, so dear to the aspiring mind of youth.

When the sun rose on the following morning, Hassein, mounted on an Arabian steed, and attended by two faithful domestics on camels laden with provisions, bade a long farewell to the splendid palaces of Ispahan, and the embraces of that beloved brother who had supplied to him the loss of both his parents. He was yet only in his twelfth summer, but he was tall and graceful as the reed on the banks of Zernhedden, and skilled in the martial exercises and athletic games of his court. His habit bespoke him of high rank, for his scarlet vest was embroidered with gold; his girdle shone with flowers of onyx and rubies, and the soft folds of his ample turban were whiter than the fleecy snow of Caucasus.

But at this time the fire ceased to illumine his young eyes, and the soft songs of Sadi, the poet of Schiraz, thrilled not on his tongue. He went forth depressed as an exile, believing that no country was so fair as that from whence he was driven; no hearts so tender as those from whom he was divided: and it was not until he had passed the boundaries of Persia, and entered the delightful valley of Cachemire (the paradise of India) that his eye looked round with delight, and the buoyancy of youthful curiosity stimulated him to enquiry, and rewarded him with pleasure.

The guides and attendants of his journey passed with him through this land of wealth, in which ten thousand villages, watered by streams—sheltered by mountains—and shaded by trees, spread over a vale, rich in all the blessings of life, and where the tiger

prowls not, nor the lion roars; where beauty dwells even in the humblest cottage, and the noblest forms are beheld in the commonest occupations of life.

From thence they brought him forward to Delhi, where he first beheld the gentoos, with whom he was henceforth compelled to associate, and first entered those pagodas, where he was commanded to worship. The splendour of the city, the gentle manners of its inhabitants, and the beauty of its neighbourhood, reconciled him to the possibility of residing in a similar place, and the novelty of all around him stimulated his desire of penetrating the country still farther, and investigating all that was most worthy research; under these feelings he now parted with his guides, and abandoned himself to pursuing his way as a fugitive, according to the plan laid down by the Vizier.

In due time Hassein reached the ancient and beautiful city of Benares, where the mythology of the Hindoos is taught in all its purity, by the holy Bramins, whose especial duty it is to instruct the youth separated for the priesthood. To seek some one of these men, to gain his friendship, and obtain his protection, was the great object of the wanderer; and for this purpose he hastily traversed the streets, and with an air of awe and humility entered the pagodas.

Every where was he struck with the appearance of wealth and population presented in the crowded streets of the city, and the beauty and fertility of its surrounding gardens; and he confessed that neither the magnificence of Ispahan, the fertility of Cachemire, nor the splendour of Delhi, could compete with the united beauties of Benares. Full of wonder and delight, he hastened from one object of attraction to another, forgetful that his money was exhausted, his task unentered upon, and that he was a stranger and an alien to all around him.

Hassein had visited temples dedicated to Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva the destroyer. He had gazed upon Krishen, Kamaneda, and Ganesa with the elephant's head, and felt as if it were impossible for him to conform to the worship of such monstrous beings, even in appearance; but just as the sun was declining he entered a lofty pagoda, in which one noble image alone filled a shrine, on which was scattered a thousand flowers. Before it knelt one venerable Bramin, whose eye was yet in the fulness of manhood, though his beard was white with the snows of age, and his hand clasped that of a young daughter, of form and countenance so lovely that she arrested the eye of Hassein, as if worthy herself to be the idol of the temple.

The words of the father (poured out to the God Indra whose priest he was) spoke of sorrow for the loss of a beloved wife, and the tears of his daughter flowed at the mention of her lamented mother. Yet they sought for resignation and expressed submission; and as they arose, consolation was seen on the brow of the father and benevolence sat throned on his lip. He turned to the youthful stranger with a countenance full of benignity, and enquired how he might serve him?

"Father!" said Hassein, making a low salam, and kissing the hem of his garment as he spoke, "you behold in me an unhappy orphan, hitherto estranged from the land, and the religion of his fathers. My mother died in giving me birth, and my father, a Bramin of your own tribe, travelling to assuage his sorrow for her loss, paid the debt of nature in the plains of Persia. In that land have I been nurtured, in the books of the Koran have I been instructed, but although cherished by the Sultan and loaded with kindness by his Vizier, the sage Hairiri, my soul hath spurned even these golden chains, and I have fled hither, as to the land of my fathers, to seek in poverty the rights of my caste, and the religion which is my birth-right.—Take me, I pray thee, as thy servant or thy slave, but reject me not, for am I not of thy kindred and thy blood?"

"Rise, son of my brother!" said Ammiader, in a voice kind and familiar; whilst his child put forth her little hand also to raise him, and in a short time Hassein found himself eating bread in the house of the good Bramin, who accepted him as one sent from Indra himself to supply to him the companion he had lost.

Day after day passed now with the swiftness of a morning cloud, and Hassein soon believed that no country on earth was so fair as Benares; no worship so glorious, or so pious, as that of the God Indra, who is lord of the skies in the heavens, and the gardens upon earth. It was his delightful employment to partake with Ya-o-bi the duty of selecting, both morn and even, flowers of the choicest hues, and to sprinkle them with waters of the purest chrystal, ere the Bramin offered them in sacrifice to that mild and munificent deity, who rejects the blood of every living thing. This offering completed, he studied the sacred Bedas, read in the holy Shaster, or sat at the feet of his master, listening with profound veneration to the unfolding of those mysteries in the sacred volumes which the tongue of maturity alone could teach. Thus was his imagination awakened, his enthusiasm fired, and he became an ardent proselyte to that worship he was born to deride.

In all these hours of an intercourse so endearing and interest-

ing Ya-o-bi partook, for she was herself sacred, and devoted from her birth to the service of the pagoda. When the hours allotted to instruction were past, she would leave her father to his meditations, and go forth with the young stranger to those gardens of delight that surrounded their dwelling, which was itself as a bower of honey-suckle. Then would she point out whatever was most lovely in the objects around them, or most lofty in the distant landscape; and in turn would listen, with all the eagerness of joy, to Hassein, while he described the matchless flowers of Persia, and the palaces of Ispahan. Then would he sing to her the songs of Sadi, and recite the poems of Ferdusi, until she warbled the former and repeated the latter with a pathos more touching than his own. There were moments when the dove-like eyes of Ya-o-bi filled with tears, as she perused the flowing verses of the Persian bards, when they extolled the unrivalled hue of their own roses and the soul-entrancing melody of their bul-bul, fearful that these charms of his infancy might reclaim the wanderer to his native plains. At these moments the hand of Hassein would wipe away those tears with a brother's kindness, and he would restore her countenance to its brightest smile, by an assurance, "that the rose of Benares growing by *her* side, and the bul-bul that sang above *her* head, were more dear to him than all which Persia boasted or her poets sang."

Ammiader, like many Bramins, was also a merchant, and a man of power and wealth. He dealt in diamonds and golden tissues; and when he perceived the down of manhood deepen on the lip of Hassein, he instructed him on the subject of his merchandize, and confided to him the most important projects, and the disposal of the richest bales; and when he had attained the age of sixteen years, he sent him forth to the distant kingdom of Siam, and the Isle of Java, to extend his commerce and increase his substance.

Hassein was naturally courageous and active, and his heart panted to prove its love and fidelity towards a master so munificent, a friend so generous; therefore, he set out on his journey with a gladsome breast, though the tears of the gentle Ya-o-bi damped his ardour. For the space of nineteen moons he prosecuted his journey with a vigour no danger could allay, and a prudence far beyond his years. He returned to receive the praises and thanks of Ammiader; and to perceive that with the garb of early womanhood, his beauteous daughter (lovelier by a thousand graces than before) had assumed a timid and fearful air, and shrunk from him as a stranger. It was now Hassein first began to ask his own heart, "if he were not indeed an alien and a deceiver?" and when

again he entered on the service of the temple, his conscience upbraided him as one unworthy the high office he partook. The agony of his soul was visible in his countenance, and the cold drops that bedewed his brow; and Ya-o-bi, forgetful of all but the pity and alarm which filled her bosom, flew to his assistance, and in the tender soothings of woman's kindness, restored his soul to peace.

But day after day the same sorrow returned, for the flood-gates of affection were unlocked; and although the kindness of the yielding Ya-o-bi from time to time assuaged his anguish, and opened even the promise of bliss beyond the dreams of hope, still was the cup of anguish on his lip, and the cold hand of retribution lay pressing on his heart. A thousand times did he resolve to lay bare the secret of his soul to the Bramin, and beseech him to inflict on him the severest penance; but as often did the dread of being torn for ever from Ya-o-bi unman his soul. Could *he* swell the flood of tears she had already shed for his sorrows? Could *he* bid her blush for the sins of him to whom the fondest wishes of her virgin heart were given? Impossible!

As these grievous thoughts, the offspring of perplexity and sorrow, agitated the bosom of Hassein; the Bramin, Ammiader, approached him with an air of more than his wonted benignity,—“My son!” said he, “why wanderest thou alone in the grove, when all around is silent and gloomy? but why should I enquire, for have I not read the secret of thy soul, and am aware that thou lovest Ya-o-bi with more than a brother's affection? In the modesty of thine own nature thou hast mistrusted the liberality of mine—but know, that the son I received in sorrow, I will honour in joy; for thou hast been to me as the sun which dispelleth the dark mists of the valley, and giveth to us the earth and its beauty. Take then my beloved Ya-o-bi, and with her a portion of my great treasure, and let my aged eyes be closed by the babes of your love.”

As these words were uttered by the Bramin, the agony of remorse and the tenderness of gratitude alike penetrated the bosom of Hassein. He fell at the feet of Ammiader, and bathed his curling tresses in the dust before him; tears streamed from his downcast eyes, and his limbs trembled as if the angel of death had shaken him, as he answered,—“Father! thou hast received me as thy son, but I was unto thee as a serpent; for behold I won thy love by a *lie*, and listened to thee for the purpose of extracting that divine knowledge, which I was commanded by my master, the Shah of Persia, to learn. 'Tis true I have become thy convert, my inmost soul is devoted to the worship of Indra, and my heart is

solely given to thee, and thy beauteous daughter. Since I entered thy dwelling no falsehood hath defiled my lips—no selfish desires polluted my fidelity, but what availeth the virtue that is planted on a soul capable of iniquity.”

As Hassein uttered these words the horror and sorrow of the Bramin were manifest in his countenance, which was wild with terror and dismay ; for his own sense of culpability in having suffered a stranger, and a child, to deceive him in a point of such infinite magnitude, far exceeded the remorse and anguish even of the deceiver, and when at length words were given him he could only exclaim :

“ Rise, wretched youth, the *murderer* of thy friend, and father ! the sacred Ganges, in which I have this very night performed my ablutions, shall to-morrow receive me for a victim. Rise, I have forgiven thee ! thou wert young and obedient, and thy sin was not thine own but another’s ; whereas, thy love, thy diligence, and thy courage, sprang from thy own heart as a fountain of pure waters. Take then the last embrace of the father of poor Ya-o-bi, and ”—

“ Nay, father, nay ! I conjure you do not die,” cried Hassein in agony, “ it is for me to die, the unhappy aggressor, blest if by a death of lingering torture I may avert the wrath of the Sultan from the house of my father. Provide me, I beseech thee, with the means of instant departure, and send with me two faithful slaves that may repeat to thee the courage with which I meet my fate, and the safety of that knowledge thou hast committed to my breast. So shall the soft tears of the fair Ya-o-bi be wiped by thy hand, and my memory dwell with honour in thy breast.

To this plan, Ammiader consented. But he first made a vow to Indra, on his own altars, that if the slaves returned not within three moons he would complete self-sacrifice, though his heart-strings bled with the woes of Ya-o-bi, thus doubly bereaved, and carefully did he even now avoid her enquiring eye, and evasively answer her conjectures.

Three swift dromedaries, accustomed to skim the deserts of Arabia, waited at the rising of the next sun, for the wretched Hassein and his attendants. He tore himself from the abode of Ya-o-bi with an effort to which the courage of despair, perhaps, alone is equal. His brow was stern, his sinews were knit together as with iron, for he went forth to suffer and to endure.

But alas ! when the towers of Benares, and the green groves of its gardens were left far behind ; when the panting dromedaries demanded rest, and even the powers of youth were in need of refreshment, what were the sorrows of those softer emotions which

overwhelmed his soul when the soft, idolized image of the lovely Ya-o-bi, or that of her mourning father, stood before the vision of his memory?

At length he arrived at the gates of Ispahan, no longer beheld with any emotion, save that of renewed resolution, and that energy which springs from terrible necessity. He demands an audience of the Vizier, but finds himself conducted to the presence of the Sultan, at whose right hand that faithful minister still waited in the effulgence of royal favour.

The sight of his venerated brother, the remembrance of his early love, almost overcame the powers of Hassein, but he rallied them only the more effectively, when, prostrate at the foot of the throne, he recounted the story of his wanderings, professed his determination to die without revealing the mysteries of his religion, and concluded by invoking mercy upon his kindred, and vengeance on himself as the sole transgressor.

Awful was the pause which succeeded. The eyes of Hairiri were bent in pity on the culprit, as he also fell down before the Sultan, and already did the minister of wrath prepare the silken bow-string for the aged and the young; when, to the astonishment of all around, he whose word was the fiat of fate, thus spake the dictates of wisdom and beneficence.

"In the days of youth the love of knowledge itself is a passion headstrong and untractable; the curb of experience hath fallen on my desires, and the cares of government have restrained my ardour. Arise then, unhappy youth! preserve the secrets thou hast attained, and enjoy the life which I have granted to thee. To night shalt thou feast in my palace, and be honoured for thy courage and thy ingenuousness; to-morrow shalt thou retrace thy steps, bearing presents for the good Ammiader and the fair Ya-o-bi, to whom I then surrender thee."

To the young, ardent and loving heart—the heart which has trembled and wept, and, therefore, can best appreciate the promise of hope and the fulfilment of joy, must we leave the pleasant task of following Hassein once more over the plains of Indostan, and restoring him to beautiful Benares, to his adopted father, and his fond, faithful bride, the lovely and virtuous Ya-o-bi. B. H.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

"Sylvius hic situs est, gratis qui nil dedit unquam,
Mortuus at gratis quod legis ista dolet."

Here rests old Mammon—hard his fate is,
That folks should read his tombstone—gratis.

MY GRANDFATHER'S FARM.*

"God made the country ;" His presence is indicated in every thing around, and the sublime workmanship begets, in those who contemplate it, sentiments of a more exalted and a more awful nature than can possibly be conveyed by the most cunning productions of art. The religious gloom of a stately grove is more intense, we might say more holy, than is cast even by Gothic aisles; and the winds of heaven, as they whistle through the trees, are not less calculated to awaken us to devotional feelings than the notes of the swelling organ. There is, as the poet says, "wisdom in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." Every one seems to feel this, the intellectual and the uncultivated hasten, when circumstances allow, to the country. The poor city operative carries his wife and children to Battersea or Hampstead on a Sunday, and the fashionable world are, at one season of the year, to be found buried in the recesses of their rural domains. We are inclined to think that this movement is not altogether the result of fashion. The spirits, which a town life tends to dissipate, are best recruited in retirement; and rural rambles are not entirely devoid of novelty to the most inane minds. The good and the gentle can find abundant objects for the exercise of their humanity and kindness; and we regret that our peasantry do not appear to excite all that compassionate attention which was wont to be bestowed upon them. Perhaps this, however, is a subject for congratulation: the advances they have made in the road of civilization have deprived them of those peculiarities which impart so much novelty to the characters of the Irish and Scotch rustics: they are less the children of nature, and hence they are much less adapted for figuring in works of fiction: their quiet manners, their orderly behaviour, give them no distinguishing characteristics: they want the wild desperation of the Irish, and the calculating shrewdness of the Scots, and the literary variety which they presented, has long since been exhausted by our novelists. For primitive pictures of rustic life, we have, therefore, been long in the habit of looking to our neighbours. The Sister Island seems to present unworked mines of this nature, and the work before us proves that the Waverley novels have left abundance of the scattered harvest for the industry of subsequent gleaners. It purports to

* My Grandfather's Farm; or Pictures of Rural Life. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1829. Oliver and Boyd.

give a picture of a Scottish farm, and to detail the incidents which usually disturb the monotony of a country life. The sketches have every appearance of reality to recommend them, and we dare say the author passed, as he says, the early part of his life at Moorside, his "Grandfather's Farm." The rustic characters which are introduced, seem to have been drawn with much fidelity: there is no straining after effect; no novelty of incident; and the details have more the appearance of biography than fiction. They are not, however, less entertaining on this account; and if the author, which we are inclined to believe, wants the higher powers of intellect, he has talents eminently qualified to make him useful. A strong religious feeling runs through the volume, and on every occasion he endeavours to enforce a good moral lesson. The reader, however, will not find his piety obtrusive or his ethics tiresome; and to prove this we extract one of his sketches, entitled

THE DELINQUENT.

"Elspeth Morris was the daughter of a poor widow who lived in a cottage near Moorside. When a little girl, my grandmother took charge of her and brought her up to womanhood, treating her rather as a daughter than as a servant. Elspeth's temper was very sweet; and, unlike many favourites or adopted children, she was beloved by every one. The sprightliness of her spirit was the delight of the whole family, and was often acknowledged as such by the Gude-man himself. Indeed it was with her alone that he was in the habit of being jocular, for he said she was a guileless creature. She was, besides, very beautiful; it was not merely the comeliness of a fine face and figure, there was also a vivacity in all her looks and motions which was striking. Her most fascinating qualities, however, belonged to the character of her mind and of her conduct; for she was enlightened beyond most of her sex in the same sphere of life, which no doubt was much owing to the pains taken in her education; whilst her behaviour had a natural simplicity and dovelike artlessness about it. Surely there is nothing on earth so lovely as a virtuous beautiful woman. Virtue becomes her so well as to be the most brilliant jewel she wears. Alas! ere long, and before she had numbered twenty years, that of Elspeth was tarnished!

"It is needless to go over minutely this part of her story; every one may pretty accurately anticipate what it was. Suffice it to say, that at school she formed an intimacy with George Brown, the son of a respectable farmer,—that afterwards this intimacy continued, and, on her part, grew into the most confiding love, till she fell a victim to his snares.

"There are few crimes so destructive as that of which Brown was guilty, though by many accounted trivial. It often ruins for ever the unhappy female, breaking down the strongest barriers to the most shocking vice and misery; at best, as in the present case, it blights the fair character of a promising young woman, wounds her peace of mind for all her days on earth, hurries her to great wickedness before Heaven, whilst it stings the heart of the good, and is a reproach to many a loving friend. Yet what is so wicked on the part of the delinquent may bring about, through a higher power, most important results.

"Brown was rather of an undecided character than a deep-scheming villain, but, among looser companions, he made rapid advances in many bad practices. He had become accustomed to hear even such conduct as his towards Elspeth treated jocularly as a venial error, and not deserving of severe censure. His most dangerous associate laughed at some stings that were yet capable of disturbing the seducer's peace; he told him that many decent men had done worse,—that if he took it so seriously to heart why did he not marry the girl, and make all right, though it would be much more spirited to deny the child, and let her look out for another father, which no doubt she could easily think of. This pitiful sophistry swayed Brown more than the feeling of justice or repentance.

"But I am anxious to return to Elspeth, whose character, though preciously fair and winning, never had been understood by herself. The world had engaged all her heart. She stood strong, and feared no evil, rejoicing in the brightness of her prospects. How could she but glory in the thought, that the very day was fixed when she was to be united to the chosen and only beloved of her heart! He was a very prepossessing person—his prospects flattering, his character and that of his family generally well esteemed. But she fell, when she thought all was safe,—when her hopes were in full blossom. Oh! how she marvelled at herself! 'Am I Elspeth Morris? Have I become that which I used to call the most loathsome thing on earth? Yes, I have sinned against Heaven far above others, and have brought dishonour on this house; I will go to my poor mother's fireside, for she alone can pity me, though I bring her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, and be a by-word to all who know me as long as I live!' Her cheeks lost their roses, her eyes their lustre, and her heart broke never to heal again.

"Armed with the resolution of leaving Moorside, Elspeth one evening repaired to the spence, where her master and mistress were. 'Come ben, Eppie,' said the Gudeman, as he heard her in the passage hesitating to advance, 'what makes you so bashful? surely something has been vexing you for some time past?' My grandmother, who had not been less observant of the girl's manner, suspected how it was with her; she took her by the hand, and bade her sit down on the same chair with herself. But the poor thing sunk to her knees, just able to utter, 'I have sinned greatly,' and fell to the floor. Ere she recovered, my grandmother intimated to the Gudeman the import of Elspeth's confession; but he was so ill prepared for the unwelcome tidings, that it was only from the delinquent's own lips that he could receive it, so that when she rose he sternly said, 'Elspeth Morris, have ye played the harlot?' But the question was too harshly put, and the gentle voice of my grandmother interposed, saying, 'Crush not the stricken hart.'

"Time passed on, and Elspeth was still an inmate at Moorside; for my grandmother said, 'If you leave us, let it not be under displeasure, or when you are comfortless; I shall guide and pity you as mine own; afterwards let us consider of separating.' But ere the period of Elspeth's leaving Moorside, contemplated by her mistress, came, all the family were satisfied that she was indeed a penitent, and, if possible, grew fonder of her than ever; for it was now a tender broken heart they had to deal with. The poor delinquent never knew another home.

"Brown had learned too much in an evil school; so that when my grandfather waited on him soon after Elspeth's disclosure, he affected to deny the charge; afterwards he talked of marrying her, if any one would come forward and set her out with as much as would assist him to stock a small farm, thus expecting to impose on my grandfather's partiality for

the girl. But he took a wrong course, and it was clear that no voluntary justice or kindness towards Elspeth could be looked for from her destroyer. Indeed her own views led her to avoid all farther connexion with him. 'Marriage,' she said, 'cannot blot out my guilt; neither would he esteem me now,—my hopes can have no abiding place on earth.'

"There are a few more passages in Elspeth's history which much affected me. Along with Brown she had to make a public appearance in the parish-church before the whole congregation on a Sabbath, the ordinary mode of penance for their scandalous offence; and though it was the manner in which Heaven judged of her conduct that chiefly distressed her, yet she was far from being indifferent as to what men thought of her, or from encountering this exhibition with a bold look or stubborn heart. Both delinquents stood up together to be rebuked by the minister; and when they did so, she shrunk and seemed like one who wished the grave might in a moment swallow her up. Once she was observed to look towards Brown, as she stood trembling by his side, with this entreaty in her eye,—'Oh shelter me,'—like the partridge when the falcon is about to pounce on it, which has been known to alight at the fowler's feet. But Brown looked sullen, and answered not her beseeching eye.

"Elspeth never more carried a light heart; so that my grandmother used to chide her, saying 'she did wrong to injure her own health, and distress those to whom she was dear.' But she would answer, 'I'm not very unhappy.' The Gudeman, too, tried to sooth her, and often had recourse to little offices of kindness in her behalf, very different from his habitual manner; upon which tears would gather in her eye, and she would seek some privacy, there to weep her gratitude unseen.

"At first, when Elspeth's disaster was the topic of conversation in the neighbourhood, the serious lamented, the thoughtless laughed, the envious rejoiced; but as time elapsed, and a remarkable change of her whole character was perceived, derision and envy were gradually turned into admiration and reverence. This was proved by the manner in which she was regarded by all whose esteem was worth having. At church, where she appeared neatly dressed, and with a sweet simplicity and downcast demeanour, such as became a penitent, it was impossible to think of her unkindly. You might have seen the white-headed old men, as she passed sedately along through the churchyard, step out from where they stood among the graves, and take her by the hand, inquiring after her welfare. What is all the parade of a nun's vows to the sight of this peasant girl, whose heart was broken and contrite!

"Again, some of the best-reputed in the neighbourhood sought her in marriage; but she refused, saying that she was worthy of no good man, and that she had made a covenant with herself never to think of another after him she first loved. Yet she never exchanged words or looks with him, denying him all access to her presence. Matchless girl! the treasures of the mighty deep are not so precious as she; yet a cruel man smote her, and flung her from him like a noisome weed.

"Brown's career was disastrous,—in business his credit failed,—and his health was destroyed by disappointments and dissipation. When his death drew nigh, his pride and sullenness towards Elspeth gave way to better feelings, and he sent for her, desiring a short and final interview. She hesitated not to go. It was remarkable, though several years had elapsed since they had conversed together, that, the moment they now met, every painful remembrance seemed to be obliterated from the minds of both. She at once took his offered hand,—'George' and 'Elspeth' were as freely uttered by them as ever those words had been before.

Elevated principles sustained her,—the great concerns of mortality distracted him. Her assiduities about the death-bed, and his acceptance of them, would have led a stranger to call the two brother and sister, or husband and wife. But there was one thing which he could not leave undone, and death stood aloof till it was accomplished. 'Tell me, Elspeth,' said he, 'if you forgive me for what I have done to you?' She answered convulsively, 'I do, I do,'—then recovering herself, added, 'George, you and I are both great sinners, and it is Heaven's pardon we need, and should think of,—all else is easily determined.' 'True,' he rejoined, 'but I have not composure to think of that at present; it is the wrongs I have done to you that now wring my heart.' 'Alas! alas! say not so,' she exclaimed in agony; but he grew bewildered, and never afterwards possessed coherence of mind to join in conversation. She remained, however, near him till he died. Nor was this even a slight trial to her. He was agitated by some dreadful secret thought. 'I have destroyed her,' he would often cry: at other times, 'Take her off my arm, she is too heavy,—take her off, she condemns me.'

"Elspeth did not long survive him. His death broke her down greatly; and she was often heard to say, 'Had he never seen me, perhaps he might have been a good man, and have had a comfortable end.' One other severe stroke sent her to her grave. Brown's worst associate entertained the base thought that now was the time to try the unhappy girl,—'the old lover is beyond her hopes,' said he, 'a new one may speedily prosper.' Accordingly he sought an opportunity to make love to her, as he termed it; but she easily discovered his object, and addressed him thus:—"It becomes me to pardon you for the insult you have offered me; for had I not lost my character, never could I have been exposed to the disgraceful proposal which you have now condemned me to hear.' The ruffian's assault hastened the catastrophe which awaited her, and she died soon after. Her last words were,—'How still and peaceful is the grave!'"

LOVE AND POETRY.

LOVE is certainly a poetical subject. All poets, who deserve the name, are, or have been, lovers; and a considerable portion of lovers wish to be poets. How comes it then, that, of the innumerable amatory effusions which comprise more than half the minor literature of the world, so few are even tolerable? If the lover would but express his real feelings in plain language, with such figures, and such only, as the passion spontaneously suggested, surely we should have sense at least, if not poetry. But a notion long prevailed, that poetry must be something different from sense; and that love must be irrational, because it is sometimes indiscreet. Love is a divinity, therefore he must talk as unintelligibly as the Pythian prophetess,—he is a child, therefore it is proper he should whine and babble; or, to speak less like a pagan, it is too genteel an emotion to call any thing by its proper name. Love-poets seems to have borrowed, from the amorous Italians, a fashion of paying their addresses in masquerade. The fair lady is changed into a nymph, a siren, a goddess, a shepherdess, or a

queen. She lives upon air, like the chameleon; or on dew, like the grasshopper. Like the bird of Paradise, she disdains to touch the earth. She is not courted, but worshipped. She is not composed of flesh and blood, but of roses, and lilies, and snow. In short, she is altogether overwhelmed and mystified with the multitude of her own perfections. The adorer is Damon or Strephon,—a shepherd, or a pilgrim, or a knight-errant; and his passion is a dart, a flame, a wound, a Cupid, a religion,—any thing but itself.

We are afraid that the weary iteration of these extravagant common-place conundrums arises from a source very different from passionate admiration. Authors are but too apt to have a mean opinion of the female intellect. Ladies' men, of the school of Will Honeycomb, rarely appreciate woman as they should do; and re-cluse students, conscious of their own deficiency in the graces which are supposed indispensable to gain the favour of the fair, endeavour to despise the sex which overawes them. Another source of this silly sameness of love-verses is the notion, that a lover must compose as well as dress in the height of the fashion. Hence the endless repetition of stock-phrases and similes,—the impertinent witticism,—the wilful exclusion of plain sense and plain English,—the scented, powdered, fringed, and furbelowed coxcombry of quality love-poets.

The drawing-room style is, however, well nigh obsolete. We hear little of the Damons and Strephons, with their Phillises and Amaryllises—for all the world like the porcelain shepherds and shepherdesses that used to adorn our mantle-pieces, before geology and mineralogy became fashionable for ladies. Diana and Minerva, and Hebe and Aurora, and the rest of those folks, are left to slumber peacefully in Tooke's Pantheon; though a certain class of poets have bestowed the names of those divinities on a whimsical set of beings of their own invention.

We should not, however, censure the introduction of the Grecian deities in Greek and Roman poetry. Not only were they objects of popular belief, but distinct and glorious forms, familiar as household things to every eye and memory. Sculpture and painting had given them a real being,—their names immediately suggested a fair or sublime image,—a delightful recollection of the wonders of art, sanctified by something of a religious feeling, that inspired them with immortal life, and invested them with imaginary beauty. Even the classic allusions of our own early writers may be defended, but on different ground. Mythologic names were not then unavoidably associated with school-boys' tasks, and court or cockney poetry. They were flowers fresh from the gar-

dens of Italy and Greece, perfumed with recollection of the olden time. They did not, indeed, suggest distinct images to ordinary readers ; but what, perhaps, was better, they gave a momentum to the imagination in a certain direction,—they excited an indefinite expansion—a yearning after the ideal—a longing for beauty beyond what is seen by the eye, or circumscribed by form and colour,—a passionate uncertainty.

THE SISTERS.

IN the south of Ireland is situated a small town, within nine miles of a commercial city of some importance, where the breeze from the ocean loves to pay its first visit, and which is much frequented as a bathing-place by the higher orders of Irish society. When seen from the water, we should not suppose it to possess any unusual attractions ; rows of houses rising above each other, with little attention to order, and less to external decoration, offering an unfavourable specimen of Irish neatness to an eye that has been accustomed to feast on English elegance. But it is not from the hurried glance that may be obtained from the deck of a steam-packet, as it rolls in foam and noise by the beetling cliff, that we are to estimate beauties, for the due appreciation of which a much longer acquaintance would be required. As if to supply the absence of artificial decoration, the natural advantages of the place are of a the most romantic character. A noble basin of water flows beneath the town, presenting on every side an ample and majestic swell of billows ; a number of vessels of the line are generally studding its azure bosom, with their canvass sleeping on the mast, and their streamers dancing in the wind, while the view from the opposite shore is grand and picturesque. During the year 18—, fortune ordained that I should visit the place thus described ; and although prejudiced by casual observation, a more lengthened acquaintance sufficed to change my antipathy into a very opposite feeling.

There are few operations of the mind which convey a stronger pleasure to the soul than the recollection of days of past happiness : when the present is chequered by misfortune or shadowed by disappointment there is a delightful solace in calling up to the imagination those years when a better destiny shed its brightness over our existence ; and, however idle the employment may be, there is always an exquisite charm in reverting to the scenes of former gratification and enjoyment. For some, the retrospects of the past may have but a general shading of pleasure ; there may be no presiding spirit whose form yet sheds its light round the heart,

although the glitter of many a bright moment may still continue to exert a freshening warmth upon the blood ; but when this individual attachment, united to reminiscences of a less defined nature, holds possession of the soul, a more deep, wild sensation of rapture, then mingles in the feeling with which we dwell on "years ago." In reverting to my acquaintance with C——, such sensations flash thickly upon me ; and as I conjure up to my mind's eye the genius of departed happiness, the characters whose presence constituted that happiness throng before me, in a dress so vivid and distinct, that it seems as if it was but yesterday's sun that looked upon our separation.

The letters of introduction, with which I had been furnished, soon led me into a circle equally distinguished by its hospitality and elegance. My acquaintances were numerous, and every day made me more practically sensible of the extent to which the national virtue of hospitality prevailed. However, among the range of my friends there was one family for whom I imbibed a more rapid, and fixed predilection. It was limited, and accomplished ; consisting of the father, the mother, and two daughters, whose amiability of disposition, elegance of manners, and yet opposition of character, afforded me many an hour of pleasure and of contrast.

Both were young, with only the difference of a year in point of age, but with a much greater dissimilarity in features and person. The elder was wreathed with all the budding promise of youthful loveliness ; her eye, soft and blue—her forehead small and intelligent—her pensive brows finely arched with a profusion of auburn ringlets, which encurtained the lustre of her voluptuous eyes. Her stature was lofty and graceful, and in the symmetry of her exquisitely moulded person, nature and fashion seemed to have exhausted the treasury of their perfections. The younger was distinctly different, so much so, that, were it not for a slight shade of resemblance which was flung over the contour, we should have been inclined to deny their right to sisterhood. Her stature was below that of the Venus de Medicis, and although her countenance beamed with a soul equally expressive, it wanted the pale interest which threw captivation round that of her sister. When I became better read in their characters I was strongly reminded of the skilfully marked opposition in those of Minna and Brenda, in the "Pirate." She was romantic, fond of nature and its glories ; impassioned, and gifted with feelings the most sensitive and refined. The other was less poetic, less visionary, but more retiring and more devoted to the domestic decorations of her sex. Both fond of music, and both blessed with superior powers of

aspect, we were compelled to row towards the land, and having execution ; melody borrowed additional influence when breathed from their lips ; and as the sister voices gave symphony to some of our must popular duets, I envied the bard whose song was warbled by creatures so capable of feeling the inspiration by which the poet was animated.

The morning was fair and glowing ; the waters glittered with the resplendence of the summer sun, and the mountains were purpled with its wandering beams, when we launched on the bosom of the bay, in anticipation of an aquatic excursion, that should realize the pleasure which the preparations promised.

"How beautiful ! how like fairy-land !" exclaimed the elder, as we flew by the islands and thickly-wooded shores ; "and those fishermen's huts look so picturesque."

"Alas !" said her sister, as she pointed to the white-washed miserable cabins which verged the boundary of the tide ; "I rather sigh at the consideration of the wretchedness which inhabits them !"

We scarcely had reached the middle of the harbour, and falcon-like, our little pinnacle was chasing away the intervening billows, than the clouds began to gather, the sky to lower, and the breeze to freshen.

The day is lowering, stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Disperst and wild 'twixt earth and sky,
Hangs like a shattered canopy !
There's not a cloud in that blue plain
But tells of storm to come or past :
Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast ;
There, rolled in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling.

While these symptoms of an approaching storm frightfully increased, the pallor of fear rushed to the cheeks of the ladies of our party, and according to the various state of their nerves, their terror was more or less apparent. The boat rocked a little, it dipped lower and the wave lashed higher.

"Oh God, we shall be lost !" exclaimed the elder, and she clung to the arm of a young and delicate-looking man, who always made one of our parties, and to whose attentions she seemed not unwilling to yield her gentle heart.

"How darkly the rain approaches !" quietly observed the younger.

However, the tempest having now assumed a more serious

succeeded in obtaining shelter before it burst in all its threatened fury, the fears of our fair companions were readily allayed.

"But then," observed the elder, "our new leghorns will be damaged, and our shoes will not be fit to be worn a second time."

"I am so afraid, my dear sister," interrupted the younger, "that you will take cold from the inclemency of to-day:" more solicitous about her sister's health even than about her bonnet or her shoes.

In conversation the same opposition was visible between the characters of the sisters. The elder could talk on any subject: she was conversant in the school of modern poetry; and had a peculiar *facon de parler*, which gave interest to any thing; while she shed over the most unenlivening topic the gaiety of her abounding soul. The younger, on the contrary, was reserved; she required to be drawn forth; and it was not without some exertion that she could be induced to unfold the acquisitions of her well-stored mind. I was acquainted with "The Sisters" sufficiently long to be allowed to form an estimate of their pretensions: to their intimacy I was indebted for many an agreeable hour, and when my professional duties summoned me from their society, I felt as if duty was about to create a chasm in my enjoyments, which it could not and which it has not filled up. I have seen those amiable and interesting creatures under every aspect, where the opposition of their characters would display itself the most forcibly; but never in the tender offices of fraternal affection could its traces be observed, and in no situation have I beheld them where a closer union seemed to take place than in the temple of the deity. There, the same deep devotion, the same abstraction from sublunary considerations, and the same ardour of silent and reverential prayer, warmed in their hearts and glowed on their lips. Heaven alone appeared to occupy them, and while struck by the profound sensibility of inward homage which their attitude evinced, a stranger could never recognise the dissimilarity which existed in common life. And yet, with this dissimilarity, never were there two females between whom the stream of reciprocal confidence flowed in a more equable tide: they were the confidants of their mutual sorrows, and if one had a tale of love to whisper to some sympathising friend, the bosom of her sister would afford her the most acceptable repository.

As I was witness to some of the pleasures of their youthful years I omitted no opportunity of making those inquiries which were necessary to inform me of their subsequent fortune. When I was called away from C——, the attachment of Sir Everard de

Courcy, and Rosa D——, had long given subject of conversation to the evening coteries. Sir Everard was enthusiastic in all his feelings: he was a patriot from principle; a poet from nature; and with all a poet's sensibilities, and as yet suffering under the restrictions of a watchful minority. Accident having introduced him to Rosa D——, the sympathy of their tastes, and the accordance of their feelings, quickly induced a passion, which further intimacy served to kindle into a deep and quenchless flame. When Rosa's feelings became once engaged, they were so deeply and consumingly; she lived but for them, and they entered into every action of her life. During the first months of their acquaintance time flew on with a rapidity which they heeded not, and delivering themselves up to the exquisite and maddening intoxication of first, pure, ardent, holy love, they gave no thought to any thing but to the fulness and luxury of that love. However, in the circulation of report, Sir Everard de Courcy's friends were made acquainted with the circumstances. His immediate marriage was a thing which did not coincide either with their plans or wishes, and, accordingly, before he had time to make a counter-arrangement, he found himself obliged to join a regiment which was embarking for India, and in which a commission had been procured for him. So sudden were the preparations for his equipment and new life that he was not permitted an opportunity of bidding Rosa adieu, or of assuring her of his fidelity and truth.

Weeks, and months, and years, passed away, and Rosa heard not from him. She had seen his name gazetted; she had been informed that the regiment sailed; but from Sir Everard de Courcy no explanation came. This was "the unkindest cut of all;" the damask withered from her cheek, the brightness from her eye. She took no pleasure in the things that were wont to gladden her; her sister's assiduities became painful; her temper was not what it had been; her strength could no longer support her to a promenade on the sunny beach, where she had often walked in love and happiness, and, in a few short months, the maidens of the village were strewing fragile flowers on the simple grave of Rosa D——.

It was a fine evening in autumn, six years after the period of my visit, and not as many weeks since the tomb had closed above my lovely and too loving friend, and this once happy, but now disconsolate family, were sitting in an apartment that was formerly gay and bright, but now had all the semblance of sadness and death. They were engaged with some

desultory topic to divert their dear recollections, when they were interrupted by a knocking at the hall door. The door was flung open, and before they could have had leisure to compose themselves, Sir Everard de Courcy stood before them. He gazed into their faces, and there he traced the lineaments of sorrow: he looked for his Rosa, and the responsive tear informed him *where* he should find her. His own tale was quickly told. When, on his return to his own family, he found that circumstances would compel his voyage to India, and that it would be impossible to procure an interview previous to his departure, he addressed letters, flowing with affection, and ardent in pledges of fidelity, to Rosa. When arrived at his destination he allowed no ship to sail without bearing a packet for her; and yet, to his astonishment, none brought him a reply. These letters either had miscarried or been intercepted; and he now learned the confirmation of his most desponding fears, at the moment that he was at liberty to realize the promises of their youthful love.

This intelligence pressed upon him with a power which few could have anticipated. Disgusted with the world, he partially renounced it: he made an offering of its pleasures to his early affections; and, rejecting every attempt to bring him into society, he spent the succeeding years of his life in ameliorating the condition of his tenantry, and in the exercise of constant piety. In this manner his time glided on for some years, until, on a placid evening in June, a house-maid, who had been in the family from her infancy, wildly rushing into the kitchen, exclaimed:

"Oh! Pat, Pat, sich a thing as I seen! Sure an sartin there's some great misfortune comen on us, entirely. *Mavourneen*, I'll never get the betther of the fright of it."

"Arragh, be aisy, ooman," says Pat, "an tell us what's the matther, that you're ravin at sich a rate?"

Pat having succeeded in bringing her to reason, she affirmed, that, as she went down to the old castle to wash some clothes, she was astonished by the appearance of a lady, sumptuously dressed, who sat upon a rock, with her hair hanging loosely round her, and weeping bitterly. She approached, but the lady heeded her not, but, drying her eyes, she leaned against the ruin, and commenced the following lamentation, in Irish, every word of which she recollected.

THE BANSHEE'S KEEN.

Why weep I wildly here?
And why shall the sad cold tear,
Upspring from Donogh's airy daughter,
To mingle in the silent water?

Oh ! why must grief and woe
 Disturb my song's deep flow ;
 And why must death
 Be in the breath
 Of the calm still voice that murmurs now ?
 Oh ! say, if life is dear,
 Why weep I wildly here ?

I see the sable pall,
 Spread in the chief's high hall :
 I see the last of a kingly promise
 In life's young dawn snatched from us ;
 I see the funeral light
 Shine forth amid the night ;
 I see the best
 That Erin blessed
 Wither beneath the tempest's blight.
 Ask you, then, why weep I here ?
 This is the fount of my briny tear !

The song and the tale made a deep impression on those to whom they were recounted, who, with little hesitation, pronounced the lady to be the *Banshee*, a female spirit, attendant on the family, and who must have come to warn it of some approaching calamity. Although they did not conceive that they were called upon to inform their master, who laughed at such fancies, they, nevertheless, were impressed with a conviction of some coming evil, and their fears were by no means lessened, when, as the clock sounded twelve, they heard the same wild chant repeated outside the windows of their master's bed-room.

"Surely," said the maid servant, "there must be something dreadful. Pat, see is all right above."

Pat accordingly hastened to his master's apartment, and there, indeed, did he find the most ominous predictions of his mind but too sadly verified. The wax taper was burning on his table, the curtains were drawn round his bed, and he himself was kneeling before a crucifix, with his hands crossed on his breast, and in an attitude of fervent prayer. The servant drew near to him, but involuntarily shuddered, when he beheld the ghastliness of his countenance and the glare of his eye-balls. He examined him still more closely, when he found that he gazed on the inanimate corpse of Sir Everard de Courcy.

There was no exterior sign of violence—no visible mark of disease. He had retired to his bed-room in the enjoyment of his ordinary health, and his previous habits had given no indication of any thing inconsistent with the most perfect soundness of constitution. It was, however, supposed that the workings of his

mind had affected the system of his body, and that the constant recurrence of mental anguish, which he had frequently experienced during the last years, had, in a fit of unusual intensity, produced the separation of the soul from its fragile tenement. However, life and hope were now equally extinguished; and there he lay, the victim of disappointed affection, and the prey of feelings too exquisite and deep.

His funeral was conducted in the most simple style; and as the family vault was already full, they placed him in an obscure tomb, where his bones might slumber in peace, until the awful trumpet shall rend the tombs and rouse them into activity again. There is no stone to record his worth or fortunes; for, without a single letter to commemorate his name, they laid him there,

" Like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

Rosa's sister was happier in her lot. Regulated by a more rational disposition of feeling, she became the wife of a sensible and independent man, and, at the time that I write, is surrounded by a family of little prattlers, some of whom are said to resemble their lovely and ill-starred aunt.

D. S. L.

LINES, WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM OF A LADY,
NOT PERSONALLY KNOWN TO THE AUTHOR.

My silent harp hangs by the wall,
The night-wind o'er its silk strings breathing,
Forgetful of that time, when all
Its chords, their own sweet music wreathing
Over the minstrel's burning brow,
Glow'd with a strain more full, than they can now.
My harp has ceas'd that voice of song
Which heaven, in other season, gave,
And the proud note that wak'd the throng
Of pleasure, whispers o'er the grave,
Making a mystic darkness come
Over the heart, with most engrossing gloom.
Even I could sing of elder years,
When knighthood wav'd its fiery plume,
And the red glare of gather'd spears
Shone in the blaze of beauty's bloom,
Glittering in glory, 'neath the eyes
Whose fond, blue softness, smil'd the warrior's prize.
And it were meet for me to tell
Of many a tale by flood and field;
Of war and battle, and the spell
That maidens weave round soldier's shield;
Of the green hill, and lordly tower,
Where the pale moonlight drops on tree and flower.

I could in Arab gardens roam,
 Peopled with children from that land,
 Where fays and peris have their home—
 In Allah's clime, an airy band—
 And pure, and fair, and rich, I ween,
 Should be the phantom monarchs of the scene.
 And love! oh! holy, holy sound,
 Pouring deep music on the heart,
 Whose boiling blood hath ever found
 The rapture, which thy dreams impart:
 Yes! I could sit by stream or river,
 And tell thy tales of fear and hope for ever!
 And I could dream that once again
 I gaz'd upon my ——— brow,
 Feeding the madness of my brain
 With her young eyes' enchanting glow;
 And the ripe lip, and the rose cheek,
 Their burst of feeling once again should speak.
 Yet, why should I profane the page
 With thoughts of most unholy fire?
 Rather, let wisdom's cold of age
 Breathe its dull warnings from this lyre,
 Whose fancies, all too warm and wild,
 Should never dwell among the undefil'd.
 I know thee not; yet, lady, fain
 Would think thee all that poets frame,
 Making the picture of the brain
 Shadow'd by fancy's brush of flame,
 And clothing this young cheek and hair
 With all earth has of beautiful and fair.
 Lady! I would this harp of mine
 Had aught to soothe thy gentle mind;
 That, vot'ive at thy fond heart's shrine,
 It should not fade upon the wind,
 But dwelling in thy maiden's breast,
 In its eternity be bright and bless'd!

D. S. L.

STANZAS.

I saw him smile—but 'twas amid the storm
 Of Fortune, and the wreck of splendour, when
 Gaunt Poverty uprear'd her giant form,
 And the vile calumny of worse than men
 Sought from its height a tow'ring soul to shake.
 He smil'd—but 'twas the struggle of a proud,
 A master spirit of the envious crowd,
 That every effort foil'd, a yielding sigh to wake.
 He wept—the mighty mind was humbled low—
 But, oh! 'twas when the hand of Friendship rais'd
 The fallen fabric of his hopes. On woe,
 On blighted joys, the *Man* unnerv'd had gaz'd;
 But when the sun-beams of fair Truth away
 Chas'd the dark mists of error, and again
 Exalted him, o'erflowing Feeling then
 The softness of his soul compell'd him to betray.

CHARLES M.

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE LADIES.—NO. 1.

WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY?

THE secrets and learning of every profession have long been guarded by certain technical terms, which stand, centinel-like, over those treasures of knowledge which the learned, for centuries, considered too sacred and sublime for vulgar inspection. Like the dragon in ancient fable, these technicalities are found, generally, to protect fruit not worth much guardianship; and it sometimes happens that the student has pursued a Venus and embraced a cloud. This has been peculiarly the case in philosophy; few inquiries have been more barren, and the world, it will be found, has venerated men as philosophers, who were, in fact, intolerable dunces. Being, therefore, great enemies to assumptions of every kind, and desirous of making difficult things plain, we shall proceed to remove the first impediment that presents itself by explaining what philosophy really is. Before doing this, however, it will be necessary to give a brief history of philosophy; and we beg our fair readers not to be alarmed at big words. The name of a thing does not alter its nature. The Persians give the name of gul to that delightful flower which we call a rose, and perhaps it will be found, notwithstanding its lofty associations, that philosophy signifies simply common sense.

We come now to the history of philosophy; and we shall find, in a great measure, a history of all that is extravagant in the opinions of mankind, and but little calculated to exalt our reverence for the ancients. If we are to credit the testimony of Cicero, who knew them well, there was not a single error which some of the philosophers did not adopt, nor a single vice which did not receive encouragement from their lives and writings.

From Thales, the founder of the Ionian school, on whom the veneration of mankind has bestowed the name of father of philosophy, six centuries elapsed to the coming of Christ, during which time there was full opportunity for the developement of its resources. Yet, instead of making any advances in the science of morality, mankind was gradually plunging into deeper and thicker darkness. In the opinions of the philosophers there was no certainty to produce conviction; and in their lives there was little to ensure respect. Destitute of authority, they possessed no influence save what they derived from the credit of their learning; and that credit was narrowed by the opposition that reigned among the rival sects. A few interested followers might applaud the wisdom of their master, while the disciples of an

opposite school were equally loud in commending the superiority of their own. Thus were the votaries of wisdom distracted between an endless variety of opinions; and every fruitless attempt to arrive at truth only terminated in some new road to error. Of the crowd of vain and licentious sophists, who aspired to the fame of superior learning, a few became the founders of celebrated schools. Yet if the systems of these masters have been so imperfect, we may conceive how deformed were the tenets of the other obscure individuals, who were unable to emerge into similar reputation.

Among these schools the most celebrated were those of the Academicians, Peripatetics, Stoics, and Epicureans. Plato, the founder of the academic school and a disciple of Socrates, after travelling through Egypt and returning into Greece, fraught with foreign wisdom, dispensed his philosophical lectures in the academy at Athens, from which his school of philosophy derived its name. Though the applause of posterity has raised Plato to the first rank of philosophers, his precepts were ill-calculated to correct the errors of the people regarding their notions of the divinity or their own moral obligations. Though his commentators have expended much patience in explaining the sense of Plato, they have confessed that they toiled in vain, and that his subtle meaning eluded their comprehension.

Of all the disciples of Plato, Aristotle was the most distinguished. He displayed, early in life, the same desire to form a new school of philosophy which led his master to depart from the simple lessons of Socrates. His success corresponded with his most sanguine expectations, and, if it has not actually surpassed, his fame has equalled that of Plato in the opinion of posterity. Their merits were of a different order. While Plato indulged in all the luxuriance of diction the language of Aristotle was simple and severe; and if the one sometimes confounded dissimilar objects by clothing them with the rich drapery of his fancy, the other might be said to have brought into metaphysics the anatomical science in which he excelled, and to have dissected and separated by its aid, the most subtle ideas. He delivered his lectures in the Lyceum, and from his habit of walking during these philosophical exercises, he communicated to his sect the name of the Peripatetic school. Though Philip thanked the gods that the birth of his son coincided with the time of Aristotle, we, who have enjoyed greater blessings, must perceive what little efficacy virtue could have derived from the lessons of him, who disbelieved or doubted the immortality of the soul; and who

adopted the unnatural doctrine of Plato on the destruction of infants.

The Stoic philosophy, which was extensively diffused, especially among the Romans, was formed according to Cicero out of the preceding systems, and dignified with a new name by the ingenuity of Zeno. Like the schools of Plato and Aristotle, which derived their names from the places where they were established, rather than from their founders, that of Zeno assumed its name from the Stoa, or porch, in which his lectures were delivered. Having confined ourselves to the theories of the philosophers only as far as they have a reference to morality and virtue, it may be sufficient to remark that the opinions of Zeno were not less exceptionable than those of his predecessors. Nay, his doctrine on free will was less favourable to virtue, since, according to him, the world was a diffusion of the divine nature, and God and man were alike subject to an irresistible necessity—an opinion which is equivalent to a practical atheism. He affected a lofty standard of virtue, of which the principle was pride; and recommended a haughty and unfeeling indifference under the pressure of misfortune. But his philosophy wore only the exterior of virtue. It was animated by no sufficient motive to sustain the elevation to which its disciples aspired. Unable to endure pain, Zeno put an end to his own life; thus destroying the efficacy of his own lectures, and proving how unequal he was to the task of reforming the lives of mankind.

The next celebrated system of philosophy was that of Epicurus, who derived the harmony of the world from the casual combination of atoms, plunged the Deity into a careless indifference about human affairs, and placed man's supreme happiness *in the indulgence* of sensual pleasures. Epicurus has had modern apologists, who have laboured to rescue his memory from the charges of licentiousness; but whether he were a virtuous or profligate man, the philosophy which bears his name is of a licentious tendency, and must therefore have had a fatal influence on the interests of virtue. From these few systems sprung a number of others which were modified according to the caprices of their authors, who, by affixing pompous names to a new combination of ancient errors, imposed them on their followers as the result of more mature wisdom.

To close, however, the climax of their extravagance, we must not omit another celebrated sect of philosophers, known by the name of Sceptics, or Pyrrhonists, after the name of their founder. Wearied with the long and angry contentions that agitated the

schools of the philosophers, the Pyrrhonists ridiculed the barren disputes of the dogmatists, and affected an indifference for truth, in the despair of its attainment. Such a system was ill-calculated to fix the opinions, or dispel the doubts, of mankind.

Such were the boasted systems of philosophy that gained the ascendancy in Greece, until the curiosity of the Romans condescended to adopt them. The different systems enjoyed an alternate sway among the latter ; but as the stern and austere tenets of Zeno fell in with the lofty character of the Romans, his philosophy attracted a greater number of followers, and derived much credit from the name of Marcus Antonius. Still, with the growth of voluptuousness, the artificial austerity of his precepts was relaxed, a less dogmatical tone found its way into the schools ; and a general indifference became the prevailing practice of the times. The strong lines of discrimination, that originally distinguished the other schools of philosophy from that of the Sceptics, were gradually approaching as they descended, until, at length, the spirit of dispute subsided into a slothful indifference to truth and virtue, uniting the modest scepticism of the Academicians with the loose and voluptuous philosophy of Epicurus.

It is remarkable, however, that those who attempted to discover truth by the force of their own individual and unassisted reason were always the most unsuccessful ; while those who were conscious of their own weakness, and sought it among the traditions of mankind, surpassed their contemporaries in wisdom and knowledge. Such was Thales, the father of philosophy : such, too, was Plato, who travelled in Egypt and conversed with the sages of the east ; nor can it fail to strike the reader, as a curious circumstance, that the stream of knowledge became more pure according as its votaries turned their steps towards the original seat of mankind.

But, in reality, the speculative opinions of the schools had but little influence on the bulk of mankind. The contempt with which the wise ones treated the people was met by them with a similar disdain, and therefore their most elaborate lectures were regarded as the dreams of proud and contentious pedants. It was a maxim among the philosophers, that the mysteries of wisdom, which were whispered within the enclosures of the academy or the porch, should not be revealed to the uninitiated and profane ; and hence the great mass of mankind was necessarily excluded from the benefit of their instructions.

When Christianity was first embraced by some of the ancient philosophers, they sought to degrade it by an admixture of folly

and mystery. They united the Jewish Cabala to the absurdities of the Egyptian priests, and from this union of folly and nonsense arose the sect called Gnostics. Their doctrines were degrading to human nature—their vices were abominable; yet these were the philosophers of the early ages. When these passed away there arose a new race of men, who dignified themselves by assuming to be philosophers. They flourished in the middle ages, that is from the eighth to the fourteenth century, and their learning is denominated that of the schools. Excellence in frivolous disputation was regarded as the highest effort of intellect; yet their logic was no longer what it had been, under its first masters, in the schools of Greece—the art of accurate reasoning, whereby truth was discovered, and its bounds enlarged, by an easy process, and error was detected; but now it consisted in the mere exercise of disputation, in the subtle arrangement of unmeaning terms, which clouded reason, and enveloped truth. Applause and not instruction was the object of the masters; and he was the greatest adept who, by captious quibbles, could distress his adversary the most.

As the mind was thus bewildered in a maze of sophistry, so was the real science of man and of nature utterly neglected. They knew nothing of the mechanical powers of the world, and every uncommon appearance was considered as a certain presage of extraordinary events: they ascribed them to mystic or to moral causes.—Their ethics ran out into idle speculations, into definitions and divisions of vice and virtue, whilst practical documents and the high duties of life were little regarded.—The important business of criticism, to which modern times are indebted for all they possess, in the line of scientific improvement, was equally unknown as the ways of nature. Fables they received as genuine facts, and the more extraordinary an event was, the greater was its claim to credibility.

The questions agitated in the schools were absurd; their inquiries mostly respected subjects upon which the human mind must ever remain in ignorance; and their utility was of course very limited. The most brilliant schoolman could not be very convincing or very edifying, when he endeavoured to decide upon the number of Angels who could dance upon the point of a needle; or whether it were necessary for them to be of the masculine or feminine gender.

From the melancholy gloom of these times Europe emerged in the sixteenth century. The hardy intellect of Lord Bacon discovered and exposed the absurdities taught in the schools, and

established the superiority of common sense over philosophy, by teaching the necessity of appealing to facts and experiments as the bases of knowledge. Newton, Boyle, and Locke followed; and to these has succeeded an host of others with various claims to notice. Of these we shall speak more fully when we come to explain what is meant by the science of ethics; but it is somewhat remarkable that they all disagree with each other. Mankind, throughout the world, have, in general, arrived at the same conclusion respecting right and wrong; but the philosophers have not yet made up their minds on the matter. Paley has justly observed, that if it be asked, "Why am I obliged to keep my word?" six different persons will give as many different answers to this important inquiry. "Because it is right," says one: "Because it is agreeable to the fitness of things," says another: "Because it is conformable to reason and nature," says a third: "Because it is conformable to truth," says a fourth: "Because it promotes the public good," says a fifth: "Because it is required by the will of God," concludes a sixth. These are the principal, although not all the bases assumed by those who have written on ethics. Is it then any wonder that Sir John Pringle, who had been professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, refused to read a book on the subject, presented to him by M. de Luc. "I have been," said Sir John, "for many years professor of this pretended science; I have ransacked the libraries and my own brain, to discover the foundation of it; but the more I sought to persuade and convince my pupils, the less confidence I began to have myself, in what I was teaching them; so that at length I gave up my profession, and returned to medicine, which had been the first object of my studies. I have, nevertheless, continued, from time to time, to examine every thing that appeared upon this subject, which, as I have told you, I could never explain or teach, so as to produce conviction: but, at length, I have given up the point, most thoroughly assured, that without an express divine sanction attached to the laws of morality, and without positive laws, accompanied with determinate and urgent motives, men will never be convinced that they ought to submit to any such code, nor agree among themselves concerning it. From that time I have never read any work upon morality but the Bible, and I return to that always with fresh delight."

Our fair readers will no longer wonder that the sterner sex once arrogated to themselves the exclusive capacity of comprehending philosophical dogmas. Like ancient amulets, their effi-

cacy depended on the mystery of their meaning being preserved inviolable; for they lost all their power when the secret had been discovered.

We now return to the original question, "What is philosophy?" Johnson tells us that it signifies merely the love of truth and knowledge, and we know not why the gentler and fairer portion of creation were so long considered incapable of loving truth and wisdom. The progress of science has shown that they are amongst the foremost of those who worship at the fountain of knowledge; and, from the domestic nature of their occupations, they stand more in need of mental pleasures. The philosophers, *par excellence*, have been for ages quarrelling with each other; the same problems are continually being reproduced: they are attacked and defended with equal earnestness, but mankind have looked on with indifference: they have adhered to their own opinions, and these opinions are what is called common sense; for common sense is nothing more than the result of observations and reflections on questions which have engaged philosophers from time immemorial. Every one understands by common sense a certain number of self-evident principles or notions, from which all men deduce motives for their decisions and rules, always applicable for the guidance of their conduct. Now philosophers never pretended to do any thing more, and in the solutions of their own problems they made use only of common sense. If you demand of an ordinary person what idea he has formed to himself of good, or what he thinks of the nature of things, he will not understand you; but still you cannot persuade him to believe, like the Stoics, that pleasure is not good, or to deny, like the Spiritualists, that the body does not exist. He has got certain habits of thinking, but he knows not how he acquired them: he has got correct notions of moral propriety without having, perhaps, ever heard of Epictetus or Plato, and thus what is called common sense governs mankind almost without their knowing it. Persons of strong intellect, however, are not satisfied with rules so indefinite: they desire to inquire into the origin of these opinions which are universally diffused. Different men will account for them in different ways, and hence the variety of systems, none of them pretending to develop new rules of conduct, but all of them endeavouring to explain the moral phenomenon which governs the world. Such is the origin of philosophy.

In modern times philosophy has taken a more comprehensive meaning: it is no longer, as amongst the ancients, confined to

morals ; and from the universality of its application, the meaning has become vague and undefined. We have books on the philosophy of arithmetic, on the philosophy of politics, and on the philosophy of history. Philosophy, therefore, in its modern acceptation, signifies a comprehensive and correct view of any science, and nothing more.

Having now explained what philosophy really is, we shall proceed, in our next, to details more entertaining and more instructive. We trust we have been successful in convincing our fair readers that there is nothing in philosophy, pompous as the sound may be, to deter them from its study.

“ Divine philosophy !

Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.”

THE WHITE BUCK.

“ Truth severe in fairy fiction drest.”

BRIGHTLY smiled the morning's sun upon the pleasant knolls, the verdant slopes, and the embowering clumps of chesnut, elm, and oak, which adorned the spacious park of Albert Woodville ; and not less fair and dazzling was that beautiful damosel who pricked o'er the dew-spangled greensward upon a sleek, grey palfrey : her bright blue eyes outvying the fragrant violets that were modestly peeping forth as the rosy morning advanced. It was the Lady Cicely Brooke, the betrothed of Albert Woodville, lord of the broad lands of Arrow, which were only rendered more rare by her presence.

Beside her, in a surcoat of apple-green, ran a young page or esquire, conducting, by a silver chain of many links, a stately buck, white as driven snow.

It was, indeed, worthy the rearing of so lovely a mistress ; and, with many sweet words, and kinder looks, such as lovers only can justly interpret or appreciate, she presented it to the delighted Woodville, praying him, in her sportive humour, to let the graceful animal become a denizen of the fair park of Arrow.

“ Sooth will I, and gladly, sweet Cicely,” replied he ; “ and though thanks be poor for so rare a gift, an thou wilt take in exchange for thy buck—a true *heart*—so be assured thou hold'st one in chains more strong and durable than yon forged links of wrought silver.”

“ And, by St. Mary ! Albert,” responded the lady Cicely, with the most winning tenderness, “ I would not yield that one heart for all the deer in King Edward's forest lands !”

So fond a confession naturally produced an ardent rejoinder, and the betrothed pair passed the whole morning together in the blissful interchange of affection.

Happy, however, as that love is said to be that meets return, it is still vulnerable to the shafts of malice; and Albert and Cicely were no less blind than Cupid to the danger which threatened their happiness.

Among the many rejected suitors who had sought favour in the eyes of the Lady Cicely Brooke was one Ralph Bardiston, whose pride being deeply wounded by his repulse, made a secret and solemn vow to avenge the slight. And to this intent, with the most artful dissimulation, he ingratiated himself into the favour, or rather thrust himself upon the hospitality, of the generous Woodville, who would not, in truth, have liked (even had he disliked Bardiston) to have refused his proffered friendship, for he was well known to be held in some esteem by the king; and, in fact, his rejection may, in a great measure, be attributed to the immoral blemish his character had sustained by his addiction to the company and pursuits of that dissolute monarch, Edward the Fourth.

Now, like a dove-hawk, ready to pounce upon his quarry, he hovered over this enamoured and unsuspecting couple, only awaiting a favourable opportunity to prove the bitterness of his malice. Unhappily unrelenting fate too soon put a weapon in his hands, which he lacked not the evil disposition to use. King Edward, being in Warwickshire, was induced, by the sinister encomiums of Bardiston, to hunt in Arrow park. The place was admirable for one who loved the sport, but the time could not possibly be more ill-chosen; for Albert Woodville was unfortunately absent on a visit to the Lady Cicely Brooke's father.

Bardiston was well aware of this, and took advantage of the circumstance to throw a suspicion of wilful disloyalty upon Woodville; an odium which he by no means deserved. At the same time the insidious courtier played his part so cunningly that the malicious falsehood he wished to insinuate only appeared through the thin veil of an awkward apology, with which he pretended to excuse the non-appearance of Albert to give his royal visitor a welcome becoming his dignity.

Returning from the chase, no less fatigued than delighted with the morning's pastime, the King was proceeding to Arrow castle to partake of a collation which the steward, in his master's absence, had prepared for the refecton of Edward and his train, when suddenly bounding and skipping across the path flew a herd

of deer, in the midst of which the white buck, the Lady Cicely's gift, appeared the most prominent, contrasted with the rest of his dark and dappled companions; and, attracting the notice of the king, he vowed, by Diana's brow, that he would wing a shaft at a mark so fair! protesting it was too rare to be stricken by other than a king's hand, and well worth a silver pointed fletch; which he had no sooner spoken than, bending his bow, he took his aim, and the next minute the white buck, mortally wounded, sprang, with a convulsive leap, in the air, and fell lifeless and bleeding on the green sward.

Little did the king imagine how much the graceful animal his skill had added to his spoils was prized by its owner, or, perchance, he would have stayed his too-ready hand. But Bardiston, the only one of the company who really knew the inestimable value Woodville set upon it, was culpably silent; rejoicing in an occurrence which he was conscious would deeply chagrin both Albert and Cicely. And, upon their return a few days afterwards, the malignant Bardiston, with a cruel pleasure, took upon himself the task of acquainting Woodville with the king's visit.

"By'r lady!" exclaimed Woodville, "but Arrow park hath been highly honoured in his highness's presence; and much it grieveth me that I was not present to entertain him. I trust he found sport to his royal pleasure, Bardiston?"

"Marry did he," answered Bardiston, "to his heart's content; and never have I witnessed his highness more truly diverted."

"It is grateful to me."

"But there is one dark cloud in this sunshine," pursued Bardiston, interrupting him, "which, albeit of little moment in itself, may cost more than its intrinsic worth in grievousness."

"Hah! pr'ythee what meanst thou?" demanded Albert, looking rather alarmed.

"The King"—

"Can do no wrong," said the loyal Albert.

"The king," continued the other, "ignorant of the worth, and ere a friendly hand or word could interpose—in the ardour of the chace—shot thy favourite buck."

"Nay, say not so," cried Woodville, turning alternately pale and red with the agitation of his feelings, "not my favourite—not my favourite—the gift of my ladye-love? Cupid forbid the cruel deed! His highness surely did not kill it: say he did not!"

Bardiston, with well-feigned commiseration, assured him of the unwelcome truth of what he had asserted.

"Then," exclaimed Albert, waxing wrath, "verily *I wish that*

the buck and horns were both in the belly of him that did prompt the king to this graceless and wanton act !"

This passionate wish was not more forcibly expressed than it was carefully treasured up in the memory of the wily Bardiston, who took especial care that it should be forthwith reported to Edward ; who, recalling to mind that no one had prompted him to slay the buck, but that therein he was solely guided by his own will, conjectured that Albert's wish reflected obliquely upon him. Whereupon, hastily summoning the author of the report to his presence, what he had at first wrongfully suspected was soon maliciously confirmed as truth ; and Edward, who, in his heartless severity, had a taverner hung up merely for saying he would make his son heir to the Crown (meaning thereby the sign of his house,) was not backward in having the utterer of such foul and treasonous words (as Albert's were misinterpreted to be) arraigned for high treason.

The melancholy consequences of such a misfortune may be more readily conceived than described.

The Lady Cicely was inconsolable, weeping through all the sad days and restless nights that preceded her lover's trial (notwithstanding all the assurances of her father that the king was just and true), till she appeared like the pale spirit of the laughter-loving lady she was wont to be.

On the day before Albert was to make his defence, Sir John Brooke, accompanied by divers of his staunch friends, proceeded to the place of trial, leaving the desponding and spirit-broken Cicely at Arrow Castle to await the verdict which was to prove the harbinger of joy or misery.

The weary day was fast drawing to a close ; the dull warm light of a summer's eve scarcely penetrated the stained glass of the oriel window which adorned the Gothic oratory, where the kneeling maiden was devoutly offering up her supplicatory orisons for the deliverance of her betrothed from the toils of his unknown calumniators.

Silence reigned uninterrupted throughout the spacious mansion ; for there breathed not a soul therein that did not cordially sympathize in her sorrows.

Burying her face in her hands, bedewed with tears, she appeared for a few moments wholly engrossed in her own bitter thoughts. A deep sigh burst from her lips ; when, apparently, the very echo thereof, breathed by some person close beside her, startled and aroused her.

Looking around she discerned, through the dusky obscurity of

the place, the tall figure of a man enveloped in a martial cloak. Arising under the influence of some trifling apprehension, she asked, in a voice more tremulous with grief than fear, who it was intruded upon her privacy.

"A friend!" quickly answered the muffled stranger, but with a soothing calmness which gave assurance to her failing courage.

"Then should one coming in such sort, come undisguised," said Cicely; "true friendship neither needs nor wears a mask. Who art thou? Surely I have no friend who would remain here when he may serve me so essentially elsewhere. Speak, sir, and do not hold me in needless suspense; for, alack! I have neither heart nor patience to endure it now! Who art thou? St. Mary help us!" exclaimed Cicely, as, advancing towards the intruder, he threw aside the cloak wherein his face had been muffled, "Master Ralph Bardiston as I live! What makest thou here? O, where hast thou lain hid so long and so mysteriously! We thought some grievous accident had befallen thee. Know'st thou of the strait wherein my Albert is now struggling 'twixt life and death?"

"All, all, sweet mourner, all!" replied Bardiston, unmoved by her grief. "Nay, shall I avouch the honest truth, and condemn myself? Yea, fair Lady Cicely, I will deal openly and sincerely with thee, as I have ever done!"

"And how shall thy sincerity condemn thee?" demanded Cicely.

"Even in the matter of Albert's attaint."

"Say'st thou so?" almost shrieked Cicely, recoiling from Bardiston as from the fangs of a poisonous viper.

"Hear me," continued the traitor, with all the cool collectedness of an unfeeling heart: "do not judge me rashly. The hasty speech of Woodville being reported to the king, and my name implicated, I was summoned quickly and privately hence, to answer the queries of his highness's council. Unwitting of their intention, I unguardedly committed myself by my confession, which was recorded and made the chief testimony against the ill-starred Albert!"

"The Virgin aid me!" ejaculated the forlorn maiden, clasping her trembling hands together, while the pearly tears coursed each other down her pallid cheeks. "And wilt thou, thou, his boasted friend, appear——"

——"To-morrow!" said Bardiston; "I am bound to do so, under the penalty of a heavy fine. Nay, even my life may pay the forfeit of my failure; and yet much I fear my evidence, strong and irrevocable as it now is, will perforce convict him!"

"And is this thy friendship, to seek me here to tell me how miserable thou canst—how desolate thou wilt render me; or think'st thou there is a pleasure in the certainty of evil? Oh! if thou goest, so hereafter shalt thou be spurned of all honest men and true; and that breath, which shall kill this noble and gentle youth, be deemed worse than the pestilential blight that withereth the bloom ere it ripen to fruit. But surely thou wilt not appear: no, Bardiston, thou hast not such cruelty in thy breast, or it would kill thee with its bitterness!"

"Nay, by the Mass! fair lady," cried Bardiston, grasping her unresisting hand, "there is love enough in this heart to purify all unhallowed feelings. It is now my turn to ask whether the gentle Lady Cicely hath unkindness enough to let Albert Woodville die, when one word from her lips may snatch him from the impending axe!"

"What say'st thou?" demanded the distracted lady, scarcely comprehending his meaning; "I! *can* I save him, say'st thou? An if it be so, do not offend my true affection, by asking me if I *will*! How can this be done?"

"This hand, lady, can work that miracle," replied the audacious Bardiston; "yield it to me, and Woodville is secure!"

"Monster!" cried the indignant Cicely, snatching her hand violently away from him, "comest thou unfeelingly to insult me in my distress? Avaunt! quit my sight, or I will cry for help. Begone, sir!"

"I obey!" replied Bardiston, with the most imperturbable coolness and effrontery; "to-morrow, perchance, may find thee more favourable to my suit!" and, bowing, he left her, plunged still deeper in misery than before.

There was no friend near to advise with or console her in this extremity, and her overwhelming feelings threatened the bereavement of her distracted mind.

The dreadful morrow at length arrived: the tardy morning waned, and Cicely's tearful eyes sought in vain, over the wide plain which lay extended before the castle, the appearance of any human being. Her sight and senses almost failed her. She now reflected, with pain, that she might have saved Albert's life, and bitterly accused her selfishness in letting him perish. At last, when all her hopes were fast fading away, and she was trembling on the very brink of despair, she descried two horsemen galloping swiftly towards the castle. She scarcely breathed as she watched their rapid progress, and recognizing Bardiston, she struggled with her aversion, and tottered to meet him.

"Once more," demanded Bardiston, boldly, "wilt thou save him? Speak, or my ready steed bears me to his death!"

There was no time for hesitation, and, unable to reply, the distressed Lady Cicely placed her powerless and icy hand in his, as a token of her assent. A gleam of delight shot across the dark features of Bardiston, and motioning to his companion, who was a churchman, the indissoluble knot was tied. Anon, a loud wailing and a mournful cry ran chillingly through the castle, and the next moment Sir John Brooke, followed by his friends, rushed wildly into the chamber, and—the dreadful tale was told. Woodville had suffered! The cold-blooded Bardiston, too, had been the chief cause of his destruction. He had quitted the court immediately upon his condemnation, in expectation of bearing away Cicely ere the tidings arrived.

But death robbed him of his prize; for the little life which grief had left her fled, with her pure soul, from its earthly tenement, to join her lover's spirit in a world of unchanging happiness.

In this true and tragic occurrence Edward certainly proved himself more fearful of his life than tenacious of his honour, which he indelibly tarnished by his unjust and merciless pursuit of this unfortunate and guiltless gentleman, urged to the prosecution thereof by the base calumnies and misrepresentations of a heartless villain.

No atonement could now be made for such an unexampled act of severity.

However, he would probably have never concerned himself further in the matter had not the spirited conduct of Chief Justice Markham, who nobly yielded up his office rather than give his assent to the corrupt and unjust sentence, been loudly bruited abroad, and excited the murmurs of the people. Whereupon, with a mighty show of justice, he solicited Markham to return; and, by his able assistance and penetration, unravelled the facts of this entangled mystery, and the horrid truth bursting upon him, he offered a considerable reward for the apprehension of Bardiston, who had cunningly fled from the vengeance of Albert's incensed friends, and he was eventually discovered, disguised, on board a fishing smack, making his escape to the French coast; and being brought to London, expiated his crimes by a cruel and summary death in the Tower, in the ditch whereof his body was cast as unworthy of a better sepulture.

A. CROWQUILL.

THE ANNUALS.

WE have already noticed, in a general way, the whole of these splendid literary bijoux, and one or two, in particular, received at our hands that meed of praise which they so richly merited. There are others, however, not less entitled to our commendation, and which are equally deserving of public patronage. From "The Keepsake" and "The Anniversary" it is impossible to withhold our approval; and when the pictorial department of each exhibits the highest specimens of art, it must be quite unnecessary, if not invidious, to institute a comparison between their respective claims to our notice. Sir Walter Scott is a contributor to both; and we observe that a new, and we trust not an unsuccessful candidate for public favour—"The Gem"—opens with a poem from his pen. This annual, though amongst the latest in the field, is certainly not destined to lose the race. The literary department is superintended by the first of living wits, Mr. Thomas Hood, who assures us that A. Cooper, Esq. the Royal Academician, has kindly taken under his especial care whatever appertains to the embellishments. Their joint efforts have been eminently successful. "The Gem" is certainly not inferior to any of its contemporaries, and some of the plates are decidedly amongst the finest specimens of engraving which the art has produced. "May Talbot," painted by A. Cooper, and engraved by J. C. Edwards, is deservedly placed foremost in the volume, and "The Death of Keeldar" is unquestionably not more creditable to the painter than to the burin of A. W. Warren; it is undoubtedly the finest thing this talented engraver ever produced. Poor Keeldar is indeed a dead dog; and it is impossible not to sympathise with his master as he looks with melancholy tenderness upon his stiffened limbs and glazed eye. "The Widow," by Davenport after Leslie, is our next favourite; and then follows "The Embarkation of the Doge of Venice." This is a magnificent picture of a splendid ceremony. "The Temptation on the Mount" has in it all the grandeur of the painter of "Belshazzar's Feast." "The Farewell" is, in one word, beautiful, and "The Young Helvetian" challenges our warmest commendation. It is painted by J. R. West, and engraved by W. Ensom. The embellishments of "The Gem" are fifteen in number, independent of an embossed presentation-page.

The literary department presents the usual quantity of poetry and prose, furnished by the literary giants of the day, every one of which, says the editor, "are at least a head taller than mediocrity." Mr. Hood himself has contributed some charming

verses, and though there is only one piece of his in the book that makes any pretensions to wit, we could almost wish that it had been omitted: it is by no means a happy illustration of a very pretty plate—"Hero and Leander," and calls up images greatly at variance with the classical associations connected with the fortunes of these celebrated lovers. One stanza will be sufficient to illustrate this remark.

"Why, Lady, why
So in love with *dipping*?
Must a lad of *Greece*
Come all over *dripping*?"

We cannot take our leave of the *Annals* for 1829, without noticing that general favourite, "The Amulet." More than usual care seems to have been bestowed upon both its embellishments and contents this year; and we confess it is pleasant to see editors and publishers thus exerting themselves to merit that patronage which too often only superinduces indolence and presumption. "The Rose of Castle Howard," (Lady Mary Howard) shows that Sir Thomas Lawrence is not without a rival as a painter of beautiful heads. This plate is very properly followed by the President of the Royal Academy's portrait of the daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland. It is engraved by C. Armstrong in his best manner; all the beauties of the original are admirably preserved. "The Wandering Minstrels of Italy," engraved by W. Humphreys, after a drawing by Henry Williams, has but one fault—the children are too intellectual-looking—but still they are singularly interesting. "The Temple of Victory," engraved by R. Wallis, from a painting by Gandy, is like all the creations of that artist's pencil, full of pomp and grandeur. "The Kitten Discovered" is worthy of the painter, H. Thompson, and the engraver, W. Greatbatch. We have seldom seen a prettier plate. The other plates are equally excellent; indeed the first in the volume, "The Spanish Flower Girl," by Graves, after Murillo, is worth much more than the price charged for "The Amulet."

The contents, though wearing a somewhat serious character, are quite as entertaining, and perhaps more instructive, than those of the other *annals*. There is less poetry and more prose than are to be found in the pages of its contemporaries; and this some may feel inclined to think a recommendation. Some of the longer articles are well worthy of being perused with attention, and amongst the poetical contributors, we recognise Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., Mary Howett, Mrs. Emmerson, Agnes Strickland, Horace Smith, and the Northamptonshire Peasant. Perhaps

we cannot do better than extract one of John Clare's shorter pieces.

DEATH OF BEAUTY.

" Now thou art gone ! the fairy rose is fled
That erst gay fancy's garden did adorn ;
Thou wert the dew on which their folly fed,
The sun by which they glittered in the morn.
Now thou art gone ! their pride is withered,
The dress of common weeds their youth bewray ;
Now vanity neglects them in her play.
Thou wert the very index of their praise,
Their borrowed bloom all kindled from thy rays ;
Like dancing insects that the sun allures,
They little heeded it was gained from thee :
Vain joys ! what are they now ? their sins away ;
What, but poor shadows that blank night obscures,
As the grave hideth and dishonours thee !"

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.—NO. I.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

He who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws ;
And those without our schools suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.—*Gay.*

WE are not going to encumber our pages with matter that may be found in Goldsmith or Buffon ; neither shall we trouble our readers with entertaining biographies of Lions and Tigers. With the general features of natural history they are already, no doubt, well acquainted, and we shall not, therefore, repeat a twice-told tale. Our business is not so much with a species as with individuals ; and the industry of modern naturalists has proved that animals have characters of their own well worth the trouble of studying. Now and then an eccentric arises amongst the herd, and though they are too grave for laughter, they can, it would appear, enjoy a joke as well as those who possess a greater flexibility of the risible muscles.

We would not treat the subject with the appearance of levity : the study of natural history is amongst the most instructive and entertaining of intellectual pursuits. Other sciences generally terminate in doubt, or rest on unsatisfactory speculation, but the inquiries of the naturalist have for their object truth and utility ; his every step is marked with certainty, every thing submits to experiment, and he advances nothing that has not facts for its foundation ; he is, too, vindicating the ways of God to man, whilst he is at once gratifying a laudable curiosity and increasing the resources of society.

The fecundity of nature seems at first to bewilder the inquirer ; but as he proceeds he finds the study by no means repulsive. Objects which at first appeared different, acquire a similitude, and novel analogies serve to excite his curiosity and stimulate his industry. His mind soon learns to generalize, that is, to view things in a general light ; and he ultimately finds nature uniformly acting with a wonderful but efficient simplicity.

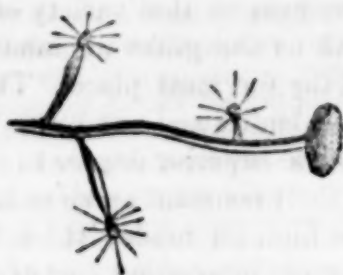
When we turn our eyes to that variety of beings endued with life, which share with us the globe we inhabit, we shall find that quadrupeds demand the foremost place. The similitude between the structure of their bodies and our own, those instincts which they seem to enjoy in a superior degree to the other classes that live in air or water, their constant services to man, or the unceasing enmity they bear him, all render them the foremost objects of his curiosity, the most interesting part of animated nature. In their construction the divine economy is pleasingly exhibited : each animal is furnished with means available only to himself, and the anatomists tell us that each part beautifully harmonizes with the whole.

After quadrupeds, birds hold the next rank in nature ; they seem wholly formed to inhabit the empty regions of air, in order that no part of creation might be left untenanted. Their wings, which are their principal instruments of flight, are formed for this purpose with the greatest exactness, and placed at that part of their body which best serves to poize the whole, and support it, in a fluid that is, apparently, so much lighter than itself. The quills are at once stiff and hollow, which gives them the advantage of strength and lightness ; the webs are broad on one side and more narrow on the other, both which contribute to the progressive motion of the bird, and the closeness of the wing. Thus each feather takes up a large surface, but with inconsiderable gravity, so that, when the wing is expanded, the animal becomes specifically lighter than air.

The productions of nature, as they become apparently less perfect, grow more numerous. The ocean swarms with living things, and every plant, and every vegetable leaf supports the life of thousands. Some of those appear at first a kind of half-animated worm, but in a comparatively short period they assume a new form ; receive, as it were, at the hands of a favouring genius, a new clothing ; expand a pair of beautifully variegated wings ; soar into the air ; and descend to feast upon the perfumes of flowers.

Insects seem destined to link the vegetable to the animated

world. The social polype is so defective in its formation, that, at first sight, it has all the appearance of a plant: it enjoys one faculty, at least, which is denied to vegetables: it manifests a sense of self-preservation, and retreats on the approach of danger; yet it can be propagated, like certain other plants, by slips. The green polype is still more extraordinary: we give an engraving of it.



In winter it assumes the appearance of a tree. Sometimes it is found to resemble a plant with leaves and flowers; and often the antlers of a stag with great exactness and regularity. All nature seems thus to be connected. The polypus unites plants to insects: the tube-worm seems to connect insects with shells and reptiles; the sea-eel and the water-serpent connect reptiles with fishes; the flying-fish forms the link between fishes and birds; bats and flying squirrels associate birds with quadrupeds; and the various gradations of monkeys and apes fill up the space between quadrupeds and men. Such is a brief outline of the animal world.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

ON the approach of winter, the publishing season generally commences. The cold weather, which drives the swallows from our shores, compels the fashionable world to return to town, routs, assemblies, and new books. The country, it would appear, during the joyous season of sunny skies and scented flowers, is peculiarly inimical to the progress of knowledge; for at this period publishers are unusually torpid; few new novels tempt fair eyes, nor are sensitive hearts agitated with piteous tales or dolorous histories. The west end, however, no sooner assumes the usual bustle of the fashionable season, than the booksellers become industrious, authors make their best bows, and the literary, as well as the theatrical world, has long been in the habit, like indolent husbandmen, of gathering its harvest in the coldest quarter of the year.

Some, eager to take Time by the forelock, have been launching their literary barks during the last month, in the hope, no doubt, of escaping the fate of these small craft, which are too often run down when vessels of more bulky freightage are under way. Some of them, however, need be under no apprehension of being obscured by those works which may be said to cast their shadows before. "The Wanderer's Legacy," a collection of poems, by Catherine Grace Godwin, (late C. G. Garnett) would command attention at any time. It exhibits in an eminent degree the higher powers of intellect—great happiness of expression, and a most fertile fancy. It is, however, somewhat metaphysical. Mrs. Godwin, in straining after effect, gets completely rid of simplicity; and has fallen into a prevalent error in supposing that ethical paradoxes and startling conclusions add to the value of a poem. No mistake can be more grievous: ambitious poetry has never been popular; for Cowley, notwithstanding the abundance of mind which he infused into every thing he wrote, has never been a general favourite. Mrs. Godwin has only to adhere somewhat more to nature, and the suggestions of her own good sense, to merit a place beside a Hemans and a Baillie.

"Tales of Woman," in two volumes, appear to be translations from either the French or German, or from both. Two of the tales have been published in an English dress, in America, some time since, and if we dare trust our memory, the present is only a reprint. Of this, however, we cannot be certain, but we are pretty sure that "Tales of Woman" hardly merited paper and print. The plots are improbable, and the style and manner make no amends for the extravagance of the conception. The excellent qualities of the gentler sex need not the aid of fiction to secure them universal homage.

The Rev. Mr. Bridges, Rector of St. Ann's, in Jamaica, has completed his "annals of the island," by the publication of the second and concluding volume of that work. Of course the history of a slave colony presents no details of an amusing or edifying character, and the Reverend author has limited the utility of his work by making it the vehicle of his individual opinions on the subject of negro degradation. He not only vindicates the present system, but seems to think that the poor Africans are formed for bondage. A less rational or more pious man would draw a different inference from the "Annals of Jamaica." From the first discovery of the island until the present moment it has been subject to many most awful visitations: hurricanes and earthquakes have frequently plunged the inhabitants into misery and despair.

A gentleman who uses the *nom de guerre* of Leitch Ritchie has just published a small volume of "Tales and Confessions." Most of them had previously appeared in the "Athenæum;" and though containing nothing very remarkable, they indicate considerable talent. The author is evidently a very young man.

The fair author of "The Lettres de Cachet" has published three volumes of "Hungarian Tales." She resided for some time among the people whose manners she has pleasingly illustrated by very agreeable fictions; and if she has not made the most of the materials which so abundantly presented themselves, her work will tend to attract attention to a country whose history and present state are peculiarly interesting. The Hungarians are somewhat behind their European neighbours in point of refinement, but they are rapidly improving. Literature is beginning to be cultivated; and when the people become somewhat more wealthy they will learn to imitate, with greater correctness, the customs of more civilized nations. At present, however, they present great temptations to an ingenious novelist. The field is unworked; and every character which presents itself may be considered original. In the tales before us this is apparent enough: and we are sure the work cannot fail to make the English reader more familiar with a people every way entitled to his regard. The pictures of Hungarian life and manners have every appearance of fidelity; the style is unaffectedly pleasing; and the tales—considered merely as tales—sufficiently interesting.

A little volume entitled "The Sorrows of Rosalie, and other Poems," has, in one short month, reached a second edition. This is no very decided proof of merit: fashion does more, in this respect, for an author, than talent; but the poems before us have the rare advantage of being the production of a lady who moves in the higher ranks of society, and who possesses all the qualifications necessary to secure respect and attention. She is, it is reported, a near relative of the late Mr. Sheridan, and retains, certainly, a very ample portion of hereditary genius. "The Sorrows of Rosalie" is a poem of great merit: the plot is common-place enough—a female seduced and abandoned—but the poetry is of a very high order. The imagery is original and happy, and the versification correct and smooth. The treatment of the subject evinces much good taste; and the whole is imbued with so much mind, that the authoress must be allowed at once to take her place beside the most distinguished female writers of the present day.

The minor pieces also possess great merit. The following is a

fair specimen : though the subject is somewhat hackneyed, the thoughts are not devoid of originality.

THE YOUNG CRUSADER.

- “ Clear and bright the moon was peeping
From the fleecy clouds of snow ;
Near a young crusader sleeping,
Thus a voice was singing low :—
- “ ‘ Perjured false one, who could’st leave me !
Leave thy hapless Moorish maid ;
Swear and vow, but to deceive me,
See the price by Neilah paid !
- “ ‘ See these features, palely gleaming
As the moonlight o’er the sea ;
These eyes, that late with love were beaming,
Never more shall gaze on thee.
- “ ‘ As dies the shoot that’s roughly parted
From its own—its parent tree,
So thy Neilah, broken hearted,
Dies—no more beloved by thee !
- “ ‘ Wounded, when the conflict’s rattle
Ceases, *thou* may’st seek repose,
E’en upon the field of battle ;
But my wounds will never close.
- “ ‘ Yet thy Neilah still will love thee,
Till friendly death shall end her woe
While the sun shall shine above thee
Shadows still his light must throw.’
- “ Starts the warrior, wildly raving,
From the dream that breaks his sleep ;
His loved one, with her locks loose waving,
O’er him seems to bend and weep.
- “ Repentant thoughts his mind revolving,
He rushes towards the weeping fair :
Like a flake of snow dissolving,
With sighs his Neilah melts in air.
- “ Madly fought he on the morrow,
Rage and love alternate burn ;
Quickly death relieves his sorrow,
Faithless hearts may read and learn !”

There are some pretty verses on the Nursery : indeed, domestic incidents seem to have furnished many of the subjects. The idea expressed in the following stanzas is new and pretty.

SAY NOT 'TIS DARK.

- “ Say not 'tis dark !—the night
Is never dark to me ;
Around my couch they come in light—
Visions I would not see.
- “ Forms I have loved,—as bright
As in life’s joyous years ;
Say not 'tis dark !—the murkiest night
Hath light enough for tears !”

"The Disowned," by the author of "Pelham," has reached, in a few weeks, a second edition. The work, however, it is pretty generally admitted, is a failure. It bears evidence of much haste; and a want of methodical arrangement, for though there are occasional passages of great power and beauty, yet, taken as a whole, it is not sufficiently interesting. The author, having got much deserved credit for the deep thought evinced in his former work, endeavoured to sustain that credit by making "The Disowned" a vehicle for metaphysical speculation, but this is done so injudiciously that they are sometimes offensive.

Christmas has long been dear to the lovers of pantomime and plum-pudding; but we do not recollect that its glories have ever been sufficiently commemorated in song, until the appearance of Moxon's "Christmas." It is certainly the best poem we have seen on the subject.

Were we to form an opinion of the publishing season from the number of books announced to be in, and preparing for, the press, we should conclude it will be a busy one. Mr. Colburn's list must gratify the most inveterate novel-reader; and though the quantity of light reading promised is by no means small, we are happy to find that some important works are also on the eve of publication.

Mr. Murray has announced for publication during the present season, some valuable and important works. Among others, A Memoir of the Public Life of the late Lord Londonderry. Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture. The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth, by Mr. Salgrave, well known for his valuable edition of the Statutes of the Realm; Bertha's Visit to her Uncle in England; Lives of British Painters, Sculptors, &c. History of the Jews; and Lord Byron's Life, by Mr. Moore. This work we understand is at length actually in the press.

A Guide to the Zoological Gardens and Museum is on the eve of publication.

The Adventures of a King's Page at our Court, and at several Foreign Courts, by the author of Almack's Revisited, is announced for early publication.

The Rev. Blanco White has issued a prospectus of a London Review, to be edited by himself, and published quarterly. It will not advocate exclusively the views or opinions of any particular party; nor does it come forth as a rival to any existing publication.

A new novel entitled "The Collegians," is nearly ready.





EVENING DRESS. WALKING DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR JANUARY, 1829.

Published by James Robins & Co London.

Why should not the interest of literature be attended to as well as that of empires? For the last seven years a congress of literary and scientific persons has annually met at Berlin, but their sittings, it would appear, attracted little notice until recently. The literati of Europe have now taken considerable interest in its proceedings; for in the month of September last, the Prussian capital presented the imposing spectacle of four hundred and sixty-seven men of letters, assembled within its precincts for the purpose of promoting the advancement of science and knowledge. At the public meetings, which took place daily for a week, lectures on various subjects were delivered, and communications read. Baron Humboldt was the president. The next meeting will take place at Heidelberg.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of pink satin, bordered by a broad hem, headed by a narrow rouleau, and large bows and ends of broad pink satin ribband. The body is laid in small, separate plaits, and the tucker part is surrounded by an ornament, finished in Spanish points of pink satin. The sleeves are short, and of white crape, and over them fall, from the shoulders, points of pink satin; which, being fastened down at the termination of the sleeve, give to it the appearance of the slashed sleeves of the Spaniards: where they are fastened, each point is ornamented with a small rosette. The head-dress consists of a toque, formed of puffs of blue and pink gauze, with feathers of the same colours. Necklace of pearls, and ear-pendants of gold, with gold bracelets.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress of Merino, the colour of the lavender-blossom, bordered with a deep flounce, headed by a ruche. Sleeves *à-l'Amadis*, with broad and tight gauntlet cuffs, fastened round the wrists by gold bracelets. The body of the dress made *à-l'Enfant*, with a black velvet pelerine, over which is a pointed collar of richly embroidered muslin. The hat, worn with this costume, is of black velvet, trimmed with lavender blossom and amber ribband, in bows.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

We did cherish the hope that at the commencement of the new year we should behold London filled with those who not only give laws to fashion, but life and profit to trade, which is the first great pillar of this happy nation's opulence. Now, though Hyde Park often presents a gay scene, though a few grand

dinners, and splendid evening parties are given, we do not expect that the high and mighty will leave their mansions in the country till after Christmas. In the mean time, Fashion is not at a stand; several novelties have appeared, and several have been imported from France, for female attire; a brief detail of which we shall proceed to lay before our readers.

Dresses of coloured crape and gauze, over white satin, prevail most among the young; the corsages are of satin; and, when the dress is of white tulle or gauze, over a coloured slip, the body is of the same hue. Married ladies wear velvet or satin gowns, in full dress, with short sleeves, elegantly ornamented on the shoulders, with Castilian points, of the same material as the robe. Poplin dresses have long white sleeves of *crêpe aërophane*, à la *Marie*. Some dresses of velvet, of very striking colours, have been ordered for a very distinguished family, in a distant country; they were exceedingly cut away from the shoulders, and there being no ornament round the tucker part of the bust, gave to them a very unappropriate exposure, when made of so warm a material, and of such refulgent tints; the corsages were finished in front by a point, and two flounces of broad white blond constituted the ornaments round the border. Stiffened bias folds at the border of dresses are very general, some of these ascend as high as the knee; and many are very broad, and consequently are fewer in number; those which are broad, have points falling over from the head of each bias. Some corsages are made half high, over the bust, but falling off from the shoulders; two narrow cape-collars, one above the other, of a different yet suitable colour to the dress, surround the tucker part. The petticoats are still worn very short. The most fashionable dresses for home costume are those of Merino; made partially high; and chintz is still in request for the *déjeuné*.

The hair is arranged in various ways; so that it is hardly possible to say which is the most positive mode; it is as it should be, very much according to the features, and to the advantage of the hair-dresser; as Sterne says, "they manage these things better in France." There, in the shops of the most eminent *coiffeurs*, are heads of every shape, with features and countenances of every expression and complexion; they all look well, for every fair one has a *chevelure* which becomes her, and the *friseur* is thought unrivalled in his art. We lately saw a young lady, who, in two succeeding days, had her hair differently arranged; the first was à la *Vandyck*, the second, small full curls were clustered on each side of her face, and the long tresses

behind were closely platted, and then wound round at the back of her head, where they were fastened by a gold arrow. Her face was round and rather plump; both styles equally became her: a female friend who was visiting her, had an expressive oval countenance, with rather large features; her head was becomingly dressed in large curls, and a superb dress cap of blond, tastefully put on. Very little ornament is now worn on head-dresses in hair, except a few puffs of coloured gauze, and silver bows or flowers: in full dress, bandeaux of pearls are much admired. Dress hats are of white crape or satin, trimmed with blond, and ornamented with six or seven white marabouts, or flat ostrich feathers. They have long broad lappets, cut in bias, and trimmed round with narrow blond, set on full; these hats are of a very moderate and becoming size, and being placed very backward, and on one side, they are what a dress hat ought to be. Turbans are of white and gold, and white and silver gauze; they are not so becomingly shaped as when in the Turkish style; they are now too much elevated on the summit of the crown, which entirely destroys their original classical feature. Toques of coloured velvet, with feathers of the same hue as the toque, seem more in favour, and being formed in the Spanish style, are infinitely more becoming; we admired one exceedingly, which we saw lately, of black velvet, with a superb plume of white feathers. Coloured crape bûrets, especially those of pink, are ornamented with white feathers, and are very prevalent in full dress. The caps are of blond for half dress, and are very large; those *à la Psyche*, are most in vogue; the morning caps are of fine thread lace, but they have no appearance of *deshabille*, being most profusely adorned with bows of gaily-coloured gauze riband.

We have little novel to record in the articles of hats and bonnets; with a very few exceptions, almost all are of black satin or velvet, the latter far the more prevalent; they are beautiful and becoming in shape, elegantly, because simply trimmed, for the promenade, and even in those which have plumage, for the carriage, it is but slight and sparingly disposed. The walking bonnets, though some have the strings in a long loop, yet the newest tie just at the left ear, by strings of black riband with satin stripes. We have seen bonnets of coloured gros des Indes, lined with velvet, and with white veils, in carriages, and worn by ladies of rank, but they are rare.

Some of the new silk pelisses are made *en gérbe* at the back as well as at the front of the corsage; if they have pelerine capes they have no collars; but a *sautoir*-cravat of white gros de

Naples, embroidered in colours, is tied round the neck, or rather crossed and fastened by a brooch; and a ruff of blond encircles the throat. The favourite furs for tippets and muffs, and the trimmings of pelisses, are the light grey American squirrel, the black Muscovy fox, or the lynx, with light sable. The pelerine tippets are very large, and in the form of the Russian mantelet. Merino dresses, with one of these tippets, forms a very favourite costume for walking. Satin pelisses are much in request, especially those of black; they are made very plain, but fasten down the front of the skirt, with large bows of black and rose-coloured satin riband. Cloaks still continue in high favour, at all times of the day, and in every style of dress; we never can be brought to admire them for the promenade; let them be wrapped round the form ever so closely, they will draw in the cold wind, and when "rude Boreas" blows severely, they have a most ungraceful appearance. They are fitted only for the carriage, the theatre, or at going to and coming from an evening party: when two ladies, or a lady and gentleman are walking together, they are most unsociable; for it is next to an impossibility to take the arm without appearing awkward in the extreme, especially when followed: their present generality, however, will soon render them so common, that they will lose favour as rapidly as they have gained it; the warm and comfortable pelisse and the Merino dress, with a handsome fur pelerine, are the best walking costumes for the winter.

The most approved colours are fawn-colour, ruby, stone-colour, pink, ethereal-blue, amber, and cinnamon-brown.

Bodes de Paris.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A dress of celestial-blue cachemire, trimmed with rosettes and embossed foliage, in satin. The body plain, made nearly as high as the throat, and the bust ornamented on each side with satin foliage. A collar surmounts the corsage, round the throat, of the Vandyck kind, of blue satin, edged with narrow white blond. The sleeves are *à la Marie*, with antique points at the wrists, and gold bracelets. A hat is worn with this dress, of white satin, adorned with blue plumage.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of plum-coloured gros de Naples, with a deep flounce round the border. The body plain, and the sleeves *en gigot*, with coronet-bracelets of gold. A long tippet with pelerine back, of marten-skin, or chinchilla; the throat encircled by an elegant *bouffon* net ruff, confined by points of painted



MORNING VISITING DRESS.

WALKING DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR JANUARY 1872

Published by James Roberts & Co London



satin. White satin hat, ornamented with bows, and broad strings of white crape, embroidered in colours, and crowned in front by a long branch of blue bells.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN DECEMBER, 1828.

WITZCHOUTA pelisses, lined with fur, have appeared, and promise to be very general. Some little alteration has been made in these warm envelopes: instead of the broad fur which used to surround the border, there is now but a narrow strip, which turns back from the lining; the sleeves are most capacious, and are used as a muff. The cachemire cloaks are embroidered all round in floize silk; those of red are much admired, with the embroidery in black; they are lined with black velvet, and have three capes. A very beautiful pelisse has been seen of satin, the colour of the bird of paradise; the border surrounded by two stripes of marten-skin. The silk pelisses are finished at the border by a broad hem. They fasten down the front of the skirt by several bows of satin riband; in the centre of every bow is a small button. Some pelisses are of figured poplin, and are closed down the front by Brandenburgh straps: they have two pelerine capes, fringed round the edges; a blond ruff is worn round the throat.

The hats and bonnets are of satin velvet, and gros-de-Indes, but velvet is the most favourite material; the brims of the hats are broad and flat, except when a feather is worn with them; they are then slightly turned up on the right side. Black satin hats are trimmed with ponceau ribands, striped with black; these are disposed in puffs, which are large at the base of the crown, and diminish gradually in size as they approach the summit. In the front of black velvet hats are often seen two feathers placed so as to form a V, and these are fastened together by a rosette of pink riband, with black stripes. The ends which depend from this rosette are put round the crown, and meet behind, where they form another bow. On the right side of the crown of yellow satin hats are fastened two or three feathers, black and yellow: fancy ornaments of yellow satin, edged with narrow black blond, encircle the crown, and a black blond is placed at the edge of the brim. The hats are put on very backward, and the crowns are low, and so shallow, that, notwithstanding their being put so back, yet a portion of the nape of the neck is seen. A broad blond at the edge of a purple or a green velvet hat, has a very pleasing effect; some have appeared in Paris, which, from their breadth, and the extreme richness and beauty of their pattern, have been valued at one hundred and fifty francs the ell.

There are some dresses called *robes à-la-Faust*; the ground is

black, with patterns of the most singular kind in green. Over coloured silk dresses is generally worn a black velvet pelerine, trimmed round with black blond; the ends are drawn through the sash. Bombazine dresses are made with two festooned flounces of the same stuff; they are embroidered at the edge. Dresses of coloured poplin, especially the English, or forester's green, are trimmed with broad bands of sable. Many coloured poplins are bordered with two flounces, with a corsage finished in a point, and sleeves *à la Marie*. The new Lyonesse stuff, with broad stripes of white satin, increases in favour; these dresses are trimmed with two flounces, edged by narrow blond; the corsage *à la Se-zigné*, with a diamond pin in the centre of the drapery across the bust. A dress of satin, the colour of Parma violet, has been much admired; the skirt is plaited full all round the waist, which is made with a stomacher, and laces behind. It is bordered with chinchilla half way up the skirt, and a pelerine of the same is thrown over the shoulders. A favourite ball dress is of *crêpe acrophane* of blue; over the bias folds which trim the border are wreaths of white silk embroidery. The corsage is *à la Grecque*, and the sleeves short. A sash is worn with this dress, of white satin, tied on the left side, in front; the ends of which depend as low as the knees.

The dress caps of blond are excessively large, and are ornamented with a profusion of all kinds of flowers, so that they are almost covered with them. They seem confined to females of distinction, and when seen at the theatre are pronounced the property of her who has a handsome establishment and carriage of her own. Dress hats of satin are often ornamented with seven white flat ostrich feathers. Diamonds, coloured stones, pearls, and cameos, adorn the hair in full dress. Sometimes ten or twelve ears of corn, in brilliants, with two wings of a bird of paradise, constitute the ornaments; these wings are placed end to end. Arrows, formed of differently coloured gems, are sometimes placed among the antique fillets which adorn the hair when arranged *à la Grecque*. Turbans are of silver gauze and velvet, intermingled. The *bérets* are very large, and are placed entirely on one side; whether coloured or white, they are ornamented with feathers the same as the *béret*. Very few flowers are worn in the hair, but bows of gauze riband, with satin stripes, are much in favour.

The colour now in general request is Navarin blue; next in favour is yellow, and the chief winter colours, English green, auricula brown, cherry colour, pomegranate, and Parma violet.



